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THE MANIFESTOS.

THE heavy shower of manifestos which set in last Saturday, and has continued without much intermission during the week, must have slaked the thirst of persons most avid of such things. The documents are, of course, of very different character and importance. The element of comedy is sufficiently represented by the observation of the United Kingdom Alliance that depriving a thirsty man of a glass of beer is an object "more momentous than Home Rule," and by the extraordinary effusion attributed to, or at least signed by, Messrs. ARCH and LEICESTER. It would be interesting to know what greater insult the haughtiest aristocrat could fix on "the horny-handed sons of toil" than the supposition that they will be influenced and pleased by the administration of that venerable description. Mr. GOSCHEN has contributed the best short criticism of the Bill yet given, and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's address to the agricultural labourers will be useful. The addresses of Mr. TREVELYAN and of the Liverpool Unionist Association contain straightforward and sensible matter put in simple language—matter put even better by Lord HARTINGTON, who, as in all his addresses and speeches on the subject, shows not merely a thorough comprehension of the subject, but a very remarkable power of putting the case plainly. Mr. CAINE has justified efficiently his own position and that of the other Independents, and Mr. CHILDERS and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN have, at any rate, been judicious in their brevity. The least said by a Gladstonian "item" at this moment, the soonest mended. But there is no doubt that the interest attaching to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's and to the PRIME MINISTER's Manifestos surpasses, and indeed absorbs, the interest of all the others except Lord HARTINGTON's. Even the form of these historical pieces is not unworthy of note, both being of dimensions exactly contrary to those usually affected by their authors; while the extraordinary haste which tumbled Mr. GLADSTONE's upon the world un-revised, and with not a few misreadings vitally affecting the sense, is itself not without weight as an item of something more than gossiping history.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's, as, though important, the less important of the two, may be despatched first. Length is not always, perhaps not often, a merit in a State paper; but it can hardly be said that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's address is a line too long. For its author had to do a good many things within its compass. He had to argue against Mr. GLADSTONE's policy not merely from the general, but from the specially Radical, standpoint; to put his own objections to the scheme; to rebut the accusation of desertion; and to propose, as far as possible, an alternative policy. All this he did from the various points of view very successfully; and the special merit of his address is its rigid adherence to truth in matters of fact. Thus, for instance, we are personally by no means sorry that the attention of Parliament should not have been devoted to some of the matters to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN urges that it ought to have been devoted. But neither we nor any one who has the slightest care for historical truth can deny that the Liberal members of this Parliament were elected to attend to these matters, and to no others. Again, we are by no means at one with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as to the advantages of local Councils; but we can deny as little that this plan of local Councils, whatever objections it may be open to, is free from those attaching to the Government plan as it affects the unity or solidarity of the kingdom.

But perhaps the most important part of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Manifesto is the way in which he clears up the confusion wilfully thrown by the PRIME MINISTER and his supporters over the meaning of the phrase "Irish self-government." This confusion has gone so far that Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters have had the audacity to claim Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself as a Home Ruler. Since the Manifesto this description has been dropped, and no wonder; for in it Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has declared himself attached to the cardinal anti-Home Rule principles in a manner which even the most daring controversialist cannot overlook. Those principles are, to state them once more, No political privileges or disabilities for Ireland which other parts of the kingdom do not share, and full Parliamentary and executive control over subordinate Irish representatives and executives in Ireland and elsewhere. These principles Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in common with all Unionists, accepts, and these are the principles which Mr. GLADSTONE, in common with all Separatists, refuses. These, too, are the principles which, if they were embodied in any scheme for the government of Ireland, the party of disloyalty and Mr. PARNELL would reject without hesitation.

As much more curious as it is more important is Mr. GLADSTONE's address to the electors of Midlothian. The first thought on reading it which rises in any impartial mind must be that surely such a document will finally detach from its author every one with a grain of political or other sense, whose interests do not induce him to waive the testimony of his senses altogether. It is for such a lover of verbiage singularly plain and simple, at least in appearance, and the experiment clearly shows that it is not for nothing that Mr. GLADSTONE has hitherto manifested such studious avoidance of plainness and simplicity. The now famous phrase, "a Paper Union," would of itself prove that Mr. GLADSTONE's political nature, as he himself says, "cries out for repose," and that it is cruel of him not to obey its *Solve senescentem*. His followers in their dearth have welcomed the Paper Union cry with not unnatural joy. Certainly many things are describable as "paper," especially since the disuse of parchment. The multiplication-table is a paper multiplication-table as usually studied, and, as even the late M. SHAPIRA never pretended to have the original Tables of the Law on sale, the Ten Commandments may perhaps be dismissed as paper morality. It is undeniable, too, that Mr. GLADSTONE's Manifesto is a paper manifesto. But these admissions scarcely furnish any one with important argumentative premisses, and if a Cabinet which has admitted Mr. SCHNADHORST as Minister without portfolio can go to the country with nothing better than the Paper Union cry, it must be hard bested. Unluckily, too, this is by no means the only weak place in Mr. GLADSTONE's appeal to the country. There is observable in it more than a touch of that very awkward preference of the thing which is not over the thing which is that has been so notable in some of his partisans. Mr. COURTNEY has already remarked on what must have struck every reader at once, the very unpleasant trick of saying that the Irish members are "strong in their numbers, strong in the British support which has brought 313 members to vote for their country," when as a matter of fact the British support brought less than three-fourths of that number. The thing is small, but ugly, as all things false are. Ugly, too, is the second *suggestio falsi* which passes from the statement that "the Irish question was placed in the forefront to the exclusion of every other" to "the fall

"of the Cabinet," thereby conveniently avoiding all mention of the fact that the late Government was not turned out on an Irish question at all. Ugly, again, is the third *suggestio falsi*, that "the Cabinet was formed and the work 'at once put in hand,' when we know from themselves that, as far as influential members of the Cabinet were concerned, perhaps as far as concerned all but two or three, the work was not put in hand at once. The repetition of the misrepresentation of Lord SALISBURY's speech, and the attempt to represent the question as one between concession and coercion in the invidious sense, are too ordinary tricks of statecraft to need much censure if they stood alone. But they also are ugly enough in connexion with the bolder falsifications just exposed. Worse still is the assertion, only saved by equivocation from positive falsehood, that "she" (that is to say, Ireland, by which Mr. GLADSTONE means the Parnellite party) "has welcomed stipulations for the protection of the minority." Mr. GLADSTONE means by the minority a few thousand landlords; his opponents mean the people of Ulster and the Protestant minority of all classes all over Ireland. Indeed, it is not too much to say that almost every single paragraph of the Manifesto, except that in which Mr. GLADSTONE has the honour to be, contains a trap for the feet of the unwary—a trap which the absence of the usual verbosity makes particularly clear to those who are not unwary. In limiting the question to the simple one—Bill, or No Bill? Mr. GLADSTONE has, no doubt, done well; but he has done well simply because he could not help himself. In stating the question so limited, he has been either very surprisingly incautious or somewhat less surprisingly disingenuous. Yet his fault ought to turn to his adversaries' advantage. For, in the first place, the gross blots which we have indicated are of a kind peculiarly suited to exposition during an electoral campaign; and, in the second, it will be noted that Mr. GLADSTONE has given no help to those courageous followers of his who maintain that support does not pledge supporters to the defunct Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE still speaks of "the plan of the Government for the self-government of Ireland" as before the world "under well-considered conditions"; and if these conditions mean anything else than the conditions which a majority of Parliament has pronounced ill considered by its votes, and which a majority of the minority accepted only on the understanding that they were to be changed, he has carefully omitted to say so. Mr. MOULTON is still convinced that he was right in following Mr. GLADSTONE. A lawyer and a man of science may be asked to put his finger on a single word or any collection of words in the Manifesto which pledges Mr. GLADSTONE even to so much as to the admission of Irish members to membership of the Parliament of Westminster. Mr. GLADSTONE goes to the country on his exploded Bill, and on nothing else except repeated and, we are sorry to say, either very reckless or very disingenuous misrepresentation of the facts of its explosion.

THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

THE tragical death of the King of BAVARIA makes no change in the conditions under which the nearest competent male heir assumes the vacant Government. Prince OTTO has, in accordance with law and custom, been proclaimed as King, though long before the death of his brother he had been incapable of reigning. The necessary provision for the discharge of his functions will excite none of the romantic interest which attached in the popular imagination to the eccentric LOUIS II. Either the Ministers or the principal attendants on the KING were to blame for the neglect of reasonable precautions for the safety of his person; but there is no difference of opinion as to the good sense and good feeling which had been shown in the painful process of practical dethronement of the KING of BAVARIA from the exercise of his sovereign power. The Ministers, in concert with the Royal family, postponed the measure as long as possible; and it was not their fault that it became necessary to apply coercion to the unhappy patient. It is even pleasant to learn that the peasantry of the neighbourhood were in the first instance disposed to resent a proceeding which seemed to them, until they were more fully informed, disloyal to the person of the KING. Peculiarities which alarmed competent observers failed to shock a rustic population. The simple-minded mountaineers knew that the KING was profusely liberal, and they perhaps thought it natural that so exalted a personage should

indulge without question his peculiar fancies. Some of them probably derived advantage from his lavish expenditure, and his midnight drives, his theatres in which he was the sole spectator, and his extravagant projects of building were no concern of theirs. By this time all who take a personal or political interest in the subject are fully convinced that the proper authorities were more than justified in removing the unfortunate Prince from the position which he could no longer occupy. It is only surprising that their action should have been so long delayed at the constant risk of some new and dangerous caprice. If the present REGENT and the Ministers were called to account for the delay, they might quote the precedent of GEORGE III., whose fits of insanity were on several occasions concealed by his Ministers and household in the hope that he might soon recover. It is true that the frugal KING, even when his intellect was clouded, never wasted vast sums or incurred heavy debts in building unnecessary theatres and palaces. Before the final collapse of his faculties, GEORGE III. was subject only to temporary attacks. The King of BAVARIA seems to have been partially insane for the last ten years, though in the earlier part of that period his devotion to WAGNER and his music was tolerated as a mere exaggeration of the popular enthusiasm for art.

In one respect the Bavarians of the present day have a great advantage over the subjects of GEORGE III. In 1788 the question whether the Heir-apparent was entitled to assume the Regency as of right both served as the occasion for a great party struggle and disclosed the anomalous character of an independent Irish Parliament. By a curious exchange of party doctrines the two great leaders propounded conflicting interpretations of the Constitution. Fox, excited by the near prospect of office, relied upon the high prerogative doctrine, while PITT vindicated the sovereignty of Parliament. The PRINCE OF WALES was about to be recognized as *de jure* Regent of Ireland at the same time at which he would have reigned in England under narrow legislative restrictions. Few political disappointments have been so severe as the blow which was inflicted on the Whigs when after a few months the KING resumed his functions. No such dispute can arise in Bavaria, since it appears that the Constitution has expressly provided for possible vacancies of the throne. The nearest relative of the KING in the male line immediately succeeded to the discharge of his functions, so that there was no perceptible interruption of the ordinary course of government. Prince LUITFOLD, uncle of the two unfortunate Princes, now Regent of the kingdom, is said to be a man of experience and sound judgment. It fortunately happens that several male descendants of the REGENT ensure the succession to the throne. The Parliament will not fail to give any sanction which may be requisite to the measures which have been taken in accordance with the law. The termination of the KING's career must be a relief to serious anxieties. Although the Bavarians are as a rule peaceable and orderly, they are threatened in common with other German communities by the social and political agitations which try the statesmanship of Prince BISMARCK himself. Even if it were literally true that Continental kings find it possible to reign without governing, the personal qualities of a constitutional ruler largely affect the security and tranquillity of his government. Conscientious Royalists must regard with apprehension the scandals which may be caused by a capricious or incapable king.

The unopposed establishment of a Bavarian Regency throws some light on the new Imperial Constitution. It is probable that the EMPEROR was consulted before decisive measures were adopted; but he has taken no ostensible part in the transaction. If his consent had been required, it would certainly not have been withheld. He had himself governed Prussia for several years as Regent, exercising the full prerogatives of the incapacitated KING. It was as Regent that the present EMPEROR received the visit of NAPOLEON III., who, coming to the place of meeting with the purpose of concluding a separate alliance with Prussia, found his host surrounded by half the reigning princes of Germany. It is no part of the policy of the creator of the Empire to interfere, except for grave reasons of State, with the administration or succession of the constituent kingdoms; and Bavaria is, after Prussia, the first of the number. The Duke of CUMBERLAND, indeed, was excluded from his inheritance of the Duchy of Brunswick, but only because he has always refused to recognize both the Constitution of the Empire and the annexation of Hanover to Prussia. There is reason to believe that he might, after the death of the late Duke of

BRUNSWICK, have purged his contumacy by conforming, even at the eleventh hour, to the result of accomplished facts. It was impossible that the EMPEROR and his CHANCELLOR should consent to install in a neighbouring principality a professed and obstinate pretender to a portion of the existing kingdom. It may be added that for several generations Brunswick has always been politically dependent on Prussia. No such complications impede the acknowledgment of the domestic independence of Bavaria. Another course might possibly have been followed if the dynastic order of succession had been in any way disturbed. The Imperial Government would probably assert its right to determine disputes as to the title of claimants to any German throne.

The disastrous termination of the KING's reign will probably have been regarded at Berlin with sympathy and regret. He had, by the services of his army, shared in the triumph of the national cause; and after the conclusion of the war he was the mouthpiece and representative of the German sovereigns in tendering the Imperial Crown to the victorious King of PRUSSIA. His loyalty to the German cause had never been doubted; but the institution of a lawful supremacy over independent sovereigns must have involved a painful self-denial. Some of those who were the temporary constituents of the royal spokesman had been, as all present knew, thoroughly disaffected to their common country, though they were compelled to follow the fortunes of the Northern Federation by the patriotism of their subjects and by the vigorous action of the Prussian Government and army. It was to anticipate disloyal action or abstention that in the first days after the declaration of war the Crown Prince of PRUSSIA hastened to take the command of some of the Southern contingents. There was no need of any such precaution in Bavaria, in Baden, or in Saxony, though most or all of the members of the Federation had at various times been engaged in feuds with one another or with the principal member of the League. The Bavarians, though they were Catholics, and though they knew that France affected to be the champion of the Church, contributed in as large a proportion as any German State to the success of the glorious campaign. The KING shared the patriotic enthusiasm of his subjects, and he was probably sincere in his expressed desire to restore the German unity which had been in abeyance since the middle ages. He has never been accused of infidelity to the pledges which were implied in the proposal for the establishment of the Empire. The Particularists, as they are called, form a party in Bavaria as in other German States; but they have never seriously threatened the stability of the present system.

The new REGENT is not likely to depart from the policy of the late KING; yet the participation of Bavaria in the task of maintaining the independence of Germany is an historical novelty. In the times when Austria was in a certain sense the protector of German unity, Bavaria constantly fought and intrigued against her powerful neighbour in close alliance with the most formidable of foreign enemies of the nation. The Elector, who shared with the French Marshal TALLARD the defeat of Blenheim, was through life the confederate and instrument of LOUIS XIV. Forty years later, the reigning Elector, soon afterwards known as the Emperor CHARLES VII., was the first assailant of MARIA THERESA at the moment when she seemed unable to defend her disputed succession. The tradition of co-operation with the enemies of the nation was continued during the wars of the Revolution and the Empire; and the Elector was promoted to the rank of a King in reward for his services to France. The title remained when the territories which had been detached from Austria were restored by the Congress of Vienna. The army had changed sides when NAPOLEON was tottering to his fall, and consequently Bavaria escaped from dismemberment of its ancient dominions. The Emperor NAPOLEON III. probably hoped for a revival of the anti-national policy of former times when he declared war against Prussia, though PRINCE BISMARCK had previously answered a French challenge by publishing the Treaty which established an offensive and defensive alliance of all the States of the Northern Federation. Bavaria, in common with other German States, has gained more by security against French intrigue and force than it has lost by acknowledging the Imperial supremacy and by surrendering the control of foreign relations.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

NOBODY, we imagine, but a Radical of very sanguine malice can have expected any other end to the CARNARVON-PARNELL incident than that in which it has actually closed. Apart from the intrinsic improbability of the story as originally detailed, and apart, too, from the implicit credence which Lord CARNARVON's denial of it at once commanded, it bore upon its very face—for all, at least, who possess even a moderate skill in deciphering such indications—certain tolerably plain marks of a misunderstanding. The mere account of the mode in which the now famous interview was brought about disclosed the beginning of a game of cross-purposes, while at the same time it raised a strong presumption that the middle and end of the two conflicting stories would prove as easily reconcilable as their opening chapters. As to these, indeed, it can hardly have escaped the notice of any fairly attentive critic of the controversy that Lord CARNARVON and Mr. PARNELL were never even in verbal contradiction, though the latter appears to have supposed that they were. What Lord CARNARVON affirmed was that it had been "intimated to him that if he were willing Mr. PARNELL would also be willing to meet him in conversation." What Mr. PARNELL denied—treating the proposition as being, what it certainly is not, the exact equivalent of the statement quoted—was that "he sought the interview." Affirmation and denial were obviously quite consistent with each other from the first. Some third person of course had either previously or subsequently to making the aforesaid intimation to Lord CARNARVON made it to Mr. PARNELL; but without representing in either case that the party first consulted had "sought the interview," which each accordingly is entitled to regard as having been solely the work of the intermediary himself.

As to the "conditions" on which the then Viceroy of Ireland consented to the interview, the dispute between the two parties to it appears to be mainly a verbal one. Mr. PARNELL asserts that Lord CARNARVON "did not lay down any conditions whatever as a preliminary to entering into conversation with him," and argues that "if he [Lord CARNARVON] had desired to do so, he would have intimated them when requesting the interview." The argument would be a better one if it confined itself to the usual logical allowance of three terms; a fourth is unfortunately introduced by the confusion between "conversation" and "interview." The general subject to be conversed upon at a proposed interview must, no doubt, be defined when the interview is arranged; but the limits within which the conversation is to be kept, as well as the extent of the authority which is to be attached to one of the interlocutors' words, are points best settled when the conversation is about to begin. The most important of Lord CARNARVON's conditions, or, as he prefers to call them, "preliminaries," was, by Mr. PARNELL's own admission, communicated to him. There is, he says, "some foundation" for Lord CARNARVON's statement as to this stipulation, "inasmuch as he undoubtedly remarked at the commencement that he hoped I would understand that we were not engaged in making any treaty or bargain whatever." Mr. PARNELL, however, denies all recollection either of the preliminary statement on the Viceroy's part that "he was acting of himself, by himself, and that the responsibility was his, and the communication from himself alone"; or of his further caveat to the effect that "he could neither hear nor say one word that was inconsistent with the union of the two countries." Lord CARNARVON, on the other hand, has repeated that these two latter conditions being in his mind essential, he could not have entered into such a conversation without stating them, that he has every recollection of so stating them, and that he is at a loss to understand how such a misapprehension has arisen. We have not the slightest doubt that his memory correctly serves him, and that he did state these conditions; but neither do we doubt that Mr. PARNELL's memory on the point is quite honestly at variance with his. The member for Cork evidently came to the interview already wedded to the belief which he so earnestly wished to be true, that Lord CARNARVON intended to open negotiations with him in a full official and Ministerial sense, and it is probable enough that any disclaimer of such an intention would have too formal and conventional a sound to impress itself on his recollection. Meanwhile he unconsciously supplies evidence that

his memory on these two points may well have failed him. He says that Lord CARNARVON "certainly made no use "whatever of the terms of the two conditions which I have "repeated"; whereas Mr. PARNELL's own account of the matter shows that he certainly did make use of one of them—namely, in qualifying his inquiries as to whether the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin would become practicable by the condition that the plan for doing so must fall "short of Repeal of the Union." This proviso was in full accord with one of the Viceroy's disputed preliminaries; it may have been that no similar occasion arose in the course of the interview for repeating or enforcing the other.

As to the general tenor of the conversation, the amount of discrepancy between the two conflicting accounts of it follows the rule in such misunderstandings with an almost comic exactitude. To judge from Lord CARNARVON's account of the matter, Mr. PARNELL did almost all the talking; the impression left upon Mr. PARNELL's mind evidently is that he was throughout an attentive and comparatively silent listener to what fell from Lord CARNARVON. The truth of the matter of course is, that each party to the dialogue attached much more importance to the replies of his interlocutor than to the questions, suggestions, or criticisms with which he himself had elicited them. Each, no doubt, spoke with unrestrained freedom for the purpose of drawing the other out, and each congratulated himself on the frankness with which his advances were responded to. Two anglers with their hooks entangled under water, and each mistaking the other's pull for the weight of a captured fish, would present, perhaps, as close a parallel as might be to the situation. It is to the credit of Lord CARNARVON's memory that he can recall more of the particulars of Mr. PARNELL's conversation than the latter can of his; for, while the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party can remember little apparently of his interlocutor's remarks except what related to Home Rule schemes, he is himself recorded to have spoken much, not only "on the character "and functions of a local Legislature," but "on the necessity "of developing Irish industries; on the congestion of population in parts of Ireland; on various commercial undertakings, in some of which he was personally concerned; on "the lowness of prices, and the risks involved in this; and "on the relations and difficulties of landlords and tenants." Outside the question of Home Rule, Mr. PARNELL can scarcely remember anything said by Lord CARNARVON, except on the one point of Protection, as to which his own account of the language used to him renders his construction of it indeed surprising. He took occasion, he says, to remark that "Protection for certain Irish industries "against English competition would be absolutely necessary, "upon which Lord CARNARVON said, 'I entirely agree with "you, but what a row there will be about it in England!'" Lord CARNARVON's comment on this is:—"I do not remember using the particular words attributed to me, though the "sense is not far removed. But I must repeat that I said "nothing which could imply any concurrence on the part "of the Government in a proposal to 'give a Statutory "'Parliament, with power to protect Irish industries.'" So far from this, Lord CARNARVON's language does not appear to imply even his own personal concurrence in such a proposal, but rather the contrary. What it does seem to imply is a "pious opinion" in favour of Protection, coupled with a conviction that such a policy was too opposed to general opinion in England to be practically entertained.

The incident is now thoroughly explained, and in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's desperate attempts to make more capital out of it in railway-station addresses, its political importance is extinct. On the whole, the impression left by it is that both parties acted in good faith, and have shown equal good faith in their accounts of the matter. And the conflict, such as it is, between the accounts is exactly what was to be expected from the circumstances under which the interview took place. Seeing, however, that it is a far more serious thing that the leader of an Irish Nationalist party should misunderstand and misreport the opinion of a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on the question of Home Rule than that the reverse should happen, it is to be regretted that Lord CARNARVON should not have perceived the great disparity of the risks which he and Mr. PARNELL respectively incurred in meeting each other. It is not so clear to us as it seems to have been to him that it would have been wrong for a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to decline to "accept information" on Irish affairs when such information is tendered in a particular way and from sources and under

circumstances so likely to expose the whole proceeding to misconstruction. Lord CARNARVON's error had, no doubt, a generous and public-spirited motive; but an error nevertheless it was.

THE DREAM OF ST. JEROME.

THE great economic truth that demand creates supply was never better illustrated than by Sir GEORGE GROVE's story of how the works of BEETHOVEN became enriched by *The Dream of St. Jerome*. It seems that there was a certain reader of the *Cornhill* what time THACKERAY's *Philip* was running its course who was greatly moved to acquire a copy of BEETHOVEN's *Dream of St. Jerome*. This THACKERAY had likened to "a poem of TENNYSON's in music," and it was this Miss CHARLOTTE in the novel "used "to play so delicately." This eager and ingenuous soul promptly applied at a well-known music-shop for the apocryphal work of BEETHOVEN, and was told by the music-seller that it was out of print, but would be ready in a few days. The man of music was not only a fellow of infinite resources, but an autocrat of imperious will. He ordained that *The Dream of St. Jerome* should be, and it was. He commanded one of his "myrmidons," as Sir GEORGE GROVE puts it, with all the authority of a feudal lord, to "look sharp and cook up something; you know your "BEETHOVEN." The myrmidon, who knew his BEETHOVEN, proved himself not inferior in audacity to that obliging youth in ALBERT SMITH's wild romance who dispensed to the devout at fancy fairs—and at fancy prices, too—Shakespearean autographs, spelt in every conceivable style to please fastidious purchasers. The myrmidon, not loth to show agility in cause so fair, plunged to the vaulted gloom or scaled the dusty heights of the shop where lurk the unconsidered gems of genius, left to themselves uncalled for and forgotten. There, like a subtle archimage, or like an adept in the modern arts of cookery and fakery, he toiled with his material, conning the life and traditions of St. JEROME, it may be, or the *Philosophy of Dreams*, till by good hap he found BEETHOVEN's sacred songs (Op. 48), and therewithin the thing he sought. Of these he took the third (it deals with love, and duty towards one's neighbour), and fairly did transcribe, adding an *allegretto* in six-eight, two themes of trivial import whipped extremely thin into an airy froth—"some really vulgar harmony," says Sir GEORGE—and thus was woven *The Dream of St. Jerome*.

Here, supposing this astonishing story to be correct, is matter on which the lightest heart might moralize. But, apart from this consideration, the story presents some metaphysical aspects that are profoundly interesting. The martyrdom of BEETHOVEN is by no means fully elucidated by this plain statement of how this dreadful example of the stuff of which dreams are made was concocted. What was that music which so charmed and soothed THACKERAY? What was the true, the antenatal *Dream of St. Jerome*? Curiously enough, it is to be found in another set of "Sacred Songs," the work of THOMAS MOORE, among which is one entitled "Who is the Maid? St. JEROME's "Love. Air—BEETHOVEN." "And what is the Dream, "St. JEROME's Dream?" is the obvious question of the inquirer; for, though love is a dream, a dream is not necessarily of love. Of this difficulty there is no better solution than that of Sir GEORGE GROVE, who very plausibly conceives that THACKERAY's recollection failed him, and thus for "love" he wrote "dream." MOORE's song is a version of the opening theme of BEETHOVEN's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26), set to some inspired verses of Ierne's sweetest lyrist, and there can be no doubt that THACKERAY must have frequently heard it sung, probably by MOORE himself. It is somewhat singular that the "myrmidon" who manufactured the "Dream" did not know of the existence of the song. His presumed ignorance of this illustrious example only increases the courage of his action, and renders more remarkable his long immunity from detection. The deception, it must be owned, was aided by the most adroit appeal to the sympathetic public. The title itself is a lure of appalling ingenuity. Nothing could be more circumstantial than the superficial evidence. The large inventiveness of the legend "for the Pianoforte, by L. v. BEETHOVEN," is supported by the quotation from *Philip* and by another quotation that soberly sets forth the date and locality of St. JEROME's dream. Considering the speed at which the cook must have worked, there is something amazing in his

scheme. His example of the new art of arrangement may possibly find few imitators, though it is fearfully suggestive. Strange stories of invention and perversion have been told in connexion with the works of great artists, but few comparable to this of the young man who knew his BEETHOVEN. He was a commentator of a kind that has even spared SHAKESPEARE.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE phrase of local government has within a short time entirely changed its meaning. A few years ago its advocates doubted or differed whether its unit should be the parish or the Union, but all agreed that it should include in its complete form the historical area of the county. The functions to be assigned to the local authorities and their constitution were also subjects of discussion, but the largest claim which was advanced on their behalf was that rural districts should share the existing privileges of urban municipalities. The earlier projects generally included a separate representation of landowners and an indirect mode of election. It was admitted that the county finances had been prudently and thriftily administered by the justices in Quarter Sessions; but the taxing powers of functionaries appointed by the Crown were an apparent anomaly, and in modern times it is useless to defend the soundest institution except on grounds which all the world can understand. Mr. GOSCHEN, about the year 1873, prepared a Bill for establishing county governments, which was received with little favour. He still retains his conviction that local government ought to be universally established, but he has lived to see his comparatively modest proposals attacked as illiberal and reactionary. Two Bills introduced by Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government for the creation of County Boards neither received nor deserved popular support. The PRIME MINISTER'S notorious indifference to domestic legislation formed an insufficient excuse for the neglect of his colleagues to satisfy reasonable expectations. In the interest of their own party, they ought to have taken the opportunity during their tenure of office of effecting judicious improvements instead of leaving future openings for factious agitation. The Conservative Government might have combined a useful and liberal measure with securities against injustice and oppression. On their retirement it became manifestly impossible to constitute local authorities on any other basis than that of household suffrage.

One of the strongest arguments in favour both of local government and of the popular election of County Boards was derived from the substantial, though not unmixed, success of the Municipal Corporations Act. All considerable towns are now subject to the provisions of the Act; and some hundreds of populous districts are organized under the analogous administration of Local Boards. Notwithstanding many drawbacks, there is no doubt that municipal government has approved itself to the judgment of the communities in which it is established. From the example of the large towns it may be conjectured that county government will, if the system is extended, be more expensive than at present; but much of the outlay of urban corporations is beneficial, though perhaps they have not been sufficiently careful to limit the amount of debt which has been incurred. It is probable that local jobbery may exist in some places, but municipal administration is generally pure. The strict control over expenditure which is exercised by the courts of law partly accounts for the laudable absence of systematic corruption. The scandals which occur from time to time in the municipal government of the city of New York have found no copyists in Great Britain. The social improvements which have been effected by Corporations would have been impossible if their policy had not, on the whole, been satisfactory to their constituents. Splendid town halls, ornamental parks, and similar undertakings testify in every great town to the liberality and enterprise of governing bodies. On the whole, it may be said that it is unnecessary to look elsewhere for a model to be imitated in any extension of municipal government. Household suffrage must be accepted as a necessity, if not as an advantage, and the powers, the privileges, and the restrictions of Liverpool or Manchester may be safely shared by the rural population. A Bill of two or three clauses which should merely declare that every county was henceforth to be governed by a municipal corporation would almost produce the desired result, though perhaps not in the most convenient shape. If some sanguine expectations are realized, rural municipalities would, amongst other consequences, provide ambitious aspirants with poli-

tical education. According to a consecrated fiction, local functions have been the training-ground for statesmen; and it may be assumed for rhetorical purposes that municipal offices will always be held by the moral and intellectual aristocracy of the district. It is not improbable that when the new machinery is in full action querulous ratepayers may in vain lament the economical days in which the justices jealously scrutinized every proposal for spending money; but it has from the days of Æsop been found difficult to profit at the same time by the energy of King Stork and the passive placidity of King Log.

The provisions of the Local Government Bill which was prepared during Mr. GLADSTONE'S former Administration have not been made public. Sir CHARLES DILKE, to whom the duty of framing the Bill was entrusted, is well qualified for the task by ability and knowledge; but his judgment may perhaps be vitiated by his strong Radical predilections. As the scheme was framed before political exigencies converted official Liberals to Home Rule, it may probably be confined to its legitimate object. It is only within a few months that parochial reform has connected itself with projects for the restoration of the Heptarchy. The Cabinet to which Sir CHARLES DILKE'S Bill would have been submitted included Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. TREVELYAN; and probably the chief Law Officer of the Crown, Sir HENRY JAMES, may have been consulted as to portions of the measure. If Mr. GLADSTONE succeeds in the impending contest, the next Local Government Bill will probably be perverted to the purposes of political faction. County Boards may find that they are to be subordinate to little provincial Parliaments which are to legislate for arbitrarily created districts. Scotland, which has long been thoroughly contented with its union with England, is to secure some undefined kind of independence; and Wales is to be converted into a separate stronghold of ignorance, prejudice, and sectarian bigotry. There seems to be no reason why the same wanton disruption should not be applied to the Northern or Eastern counties or to the Midland manufacturing district; but probably the great towns may hesitate to substitute for the authority of Parliament the dominion of petty Legislatures which would command neither loyalty nor respect. The upper classes in Wales would regard with contemptuous aversion the supremacy of local preachers and demagogues; but the "classes" must, as long as Mr. GLADSTONE'S doctrines prevail, submit to the caprice of the dominant majority. Nothing could be more iniquitous than to deprive a large section of the inhabitants of Wales of those rights which they and their predecessors have enjoyed for between four and five hundred years since the amalgamation of the Principality with the kingdom of England. In the most enlightened parts of Wales English is exclusively spoken; and the Welsh-speaking portions of the country are naturally the most backward and the most unfit for political power. A Welsh correspondent of a Radical paper asks, perhaps in good faith, why Welshmen who are unable to read English should not be competent to form a sound political judgment. The answer is that they must depend entirely on vernacular journals, most of which are edited and written in the narrowest spirit by Dissenting preachers. The extracts from these periodicals which are from time to time translated illustrate the natural effects of isolation from the civilized world. A Welsh Parliament with an indigenous majority would devote its most strenuous efforts to the discouragement of the connexion with England, which affords the only chance of cultivation.

The newfangled device of four or five provincial Parliaments is the more irritating because it is exclusively recommended by irrelevant political considerations. During the confusion and surprise which have characterized recent discussions, a large number of Liberals have pledged themselves in some form to the establishment of an undefined Legislature or Central Council in Ireland. In the idle hope of making the proposed experiment more plausible, projectors have offered to create petty Parliaments in other parts of the kingdom. Neither Scotland nor Wales, and assuredly not England, has at any time expressed a wish for legislative subdivision or local independence. Radical wirepullers who manipulate Scotch and Welsh elections might easily originate a factitious demand for a wanton and dangerous innovation; but as late as the last election no demagogue in either country had discovered that the unity of Great Britain was a grievance. It is remarkable that provincial disruption is supported by some of those who have had the honesty and courage to vote against the Ministerial Bill. In their anxiety to

prove that they grudge nothing to Ireland short of actual separation, they incautiously support measures which are not always distinguishable from Home Rule. The little provincial Parliaments, if they are to be instituted with any serious purpose, must have some power of legislation. Apologists for the Heptarchy, after recommending it as conducive to local freedom, explain away their admissions by asserting that their scheme would only allow of such independent action as that which is at present exercised by the great urban Corporations. It is obvious that, if their extenuating language is to be trusted, there is no reason for breaking up the English territory and Constitution. Leeds and Glasgow can take care of their own municipal interests without becoming subject to a new authority interposed between the municipality and Parliament. The truth seems to be that the promoters of the Federal plan, having devised it for extraneous reasons, have never deliberately ascertained its nature or operation. The most confident theorist would fail to foresee the form and the spirit of a fancy Parliament which has no precedent in English history.

THE DUTY OF UNIONISTS.

IT is most natural that the supporters of Separation should object to be called Separatists, and, from one single point of view, there is some justification in their objection. To do them justice, it is not to be supposed that they are deliberately or conscientiously advocating disruption. Many of them are mentally incapacitated from perceiving the probable consequences of any tolerably complicated proceeding; many more are absolutely reckless as to any such consequences. Lord SPENCER, whatever may be thought of the dignity or morality of his advice, undoubtedly understood his audience at Chester when he urged them simply to return a Parliament to support Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. GLADSTONE understood his when, in his recent Manifesto, he did not even attempt to argue the question on its merits. The Caucuses show the same kind of intelligence when they vote (sometimes with the rather awkward answer, as at Liskeard the other day, of an exact counter-vote in the constituencies) confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE, and mere refusal of hearing to all his adversaries. The Separatist party has fully adopted the immortal principle of Mr. PICKWICK. "If Mr. PERKER is Blue, they are Blue"; if Mr. GLADSTONE is for abolishing the Union, they are for abolishing it. And if Mr. GLADSTONE changes his mind, they will change theirs, as, indeed, legend asserts that one recent meeting boldly protested its readiness to do.

There are, perhaps, dangers of more than one kind attending this almost incomprehensible attitude of the enemy. For it is impossible not to despise such an enemy; and every one knows the danger of this contempt. The very audacity of the profession of know-nothingism, the cheerful abdication of all attempt at argument and reason, which characterizes most of the Gladstonianism of the moment, may delude the defenders of law, order, and common sense into a false security or into a frittering away of forces still more dangerous. It is the first time in English history that even the pretence of a cause has been thrown away, and that Englishmen have been invited to vote merely for a man. Yet there is no doubt that a man is to the general more inspiring than a cause, and that the absence of any necessity for bothering about the right or the wrong, the reason or the unreason, of a question is a temptation to a certain class of the present electorate. They may be induced to use their reason, but they have no present desire to do so. At the same time, these are the very persons who can be most affected by exposing some of the other weaknesses of the Government side, and especially the marvellous mendacity which is its chief weapon of argument when it condescends to argument at all. The least intelligent elector can understand and even resent deception, and if the charge of deception is made with spirit and maintained with vigour, he is likely to be staggered in his allegiance. For hitherto the people of England have never consciously been fond of statesmen who do not speak the truth; a proposition not inconsistent with the undoubted fact that for many years a great many people have been very fond of Mr. GLADSTONE.

There is, however, one point of the duty of Unionists on which there can be no doubt whatever, and that is the duty of observing exactly the understanding as to not contesting Unionist seats. It was, of course, certain beforehand that this self-denying ordinance would not get itself obeyed without some trouble, that in several hundred instances

there might be some who would not obey it at all. The utterances of the leaders of the party have been all that could be wished; Lord SALISBURY, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS have left absolutely no doubt on the point. But a few rebellious candidates appear to have set their chiefs at defiance. For Mr. MAPLE in St. Pancras there may be some excuse, inasmuch as the sitting Liberal, Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID, seems to be coquetting with Gladstonianism, or at least trying to catch Gladstonian votes, by a promise of considering the PRIME MINISTER's next proposals. But for Messrs. GRAY and THEOBALD in Essex, for Mr. MORRELL in Oxfordshire, and for Colonel KENYON SLANEY in Shropshire there appears to be no kind of excuse whatever. Not only is it the duty of Conservatives not to vote for them in such a case, but it is the duty of every Conservative to vote against them, and both publicly and privately to show the strongest disapproval of their action. Any Conservative or, on the other side, any Moderate Liberal who divides the Unionist camp on this occasion ought to have, whether he be successful or unsuccessful, a black mark set against him for the rest of his political days. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will hardly be regarded as lacking partisan spirit; yet no one has more strongly inculcated the truth that at this election there is absolutely no question before the country except the Bill or not the Bill. Any attempt to put any other question forward, much more any attempt to prefer the miserable little vanities of individuals to the public interest, should be not merely discouraged, but punished with every means at the disposal of Unionists. For the question is one now wholly of principle, though, in a certain sense, it is a question of interest as well. The greatest of Conservative interests is the Union. More than this, Mr. GLADSTONE's reckless greed for power and for destruction has again brought about the opportunity for which every Conservative has been longing—the opportunity of showing to members of other parties that a policy of perpetual innovation and alteration must necessarily touch things as precious to honourable and sensible men of those parties as to Tories themselves. He did this last year in the case of Disestablishment; he has done it this year in the case of the Union, and they must certainly be very unreasonable and very unwise persons who either neglect this courtesy of his or think it expedient to wait for yet a greater. The opportunity has come, and so far it has been embraced with excellent results. But if the example of the misdeceivants above mentioned be followed, it cannot be supposed that moderate Liberals and patriotic Radicals will care again to put themselves between the two fires of the Caucus and the Conservative candidate, to quarrel hopelessly with their old friends and receive no quarter from their new allies. Fortunately (as, indeed, might be supposed) the Conservatives who have thus misconducted themselves are persons of no importance, most of them destitute of the slightest Parliamentary experience or of eminence of any kind. Next to their prompt retirement, the best thing that could happen—perhaps even a better thing than their retirement—would be their sound defeat by Conservative votes. Unluckily, however, a Separatist is sure to stand in some cases, if not in all, and may not improbably carry off the prize. Such a scandal as this would, of course, in reality fall merely on the ambitious nobodies who have chosen to set their personal vanity before the interests and the honour both of party and country. But some of it would infallibly be reflected on their leaders, guiltless as they might be, and, above all, harm, perhaps irreparable harm, would be done to the joint cause. It is, therefore, the business of every Unionist, by his vote if that be his sole way of exercising influence, by his vote and by every other means if he has any other, to show his displeasure towards this action, which is at once a breach of faith, a breach of discipline, and a breach of principle. The best way would perhaps be the formal or informal intimation in each of the constituencies so threatened by as considerable a number of Conservative electors as possible that the candidate so misconducting himself will lose their support not merely at this but at future elections. It is impossible for any one to say that this is too hard a measure, especially while, as is the case at present, there are many Gladstonian seats uncontested, and ripe for the applications of the best efforts of Conservatives who are anxious to get into Parliament. To say "Never more be officer of mine" to men who decline to attack the enemy and insist on attacking friends is not severity, but common sense and justice.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

LAST week's discussion on the Navy Estimates in the House of Commons left one tolerably satisfactory impression. The spokesmen of the Admiralty were able to assure us that the present Board does not approve of blowing hot and cold in naval administration. On the contrary, it is of opinion that a consistent policy is very necessary. Therefore it is still proceeding on the lines laid down by Lord NORTHBROOK under pressure, and followed by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. This is eminently the kind of announcement of which it may be said that it is good as far as it goes. At least we have seen three successive Admiralties working on a fairly consistent plan and to one end. To be sure this innovation, though excellent, has not yet gone very far. All three Boards have followed one another within two years. Much more time than that will be required to carry out the scheme drawn up during Lord NORTHBROOK's tenure of office. Two years is a short space in which to undo the neglect of twenty. Still, a country well broken in to feeling gratitude for small mercies in naval matters may feel thankful for this. When the present Board of Admiralty has been praised for not giving up the work of its predecessors, it may now be fairly called upon to explain more fully what the policy it is carrying out really is. As far as the ship-building goes, the answer is easy enough. So many ironclads, belted cruisers, scouts, and torpedo-boats were ordered to be built, and, as it would seem, are being built. Behind the question of the mere amount of tonnage to be constructed there is, however, another and a much more complicated one. What are the Admiralty doing to see that the work of construction is done rapidly and economically in their own dockyards? On this point there is a great want of satisfactory information. No doubt an immense quantity has been collected. Committees have sat and have been followed by other Committees. They have reported and suggested, and then—why, then it seems that other Committees have been or are being named to report on their reports and suggestions. All this has about it a great look of activity; but it has lasted so long, and there are so few visible signs of any fruits, that there begins to be a doubt whether the progress made is not of the squirrel-in-the-cage kind. That beast does a great deal of galloping, but then it is all round and round. It would be pleasing to learn that the Admiralty has not been merely turning the dockyards round and round since the date of Admiral GRAHAM's report without making them go any faster. There are certainly stories flying about to the effect that many of the changes made have as yet produced only confusion. They may be the products of mere grumbling, but then there is nothing in the history of the Admiralty to make it improbable that the appointment of new officials or the shifting about of old ones may have left things very much where they were.

The dockyards occupied not a little attention during the discussion on the Navy Estimates. Sir J. GORST moved a reduction of 3,000*l.* for the salaries of the civil assistants to the superintendents, mainly, as it would seem, because he wanted an opportunity to protest against the charges of idleness brought against the workmen. He was supported by Mr. VANDERBYL. Sir J. GORST, as all men know, sits for Chatham, and Mr. VANDERBYL for Portsmouth, and a general election is at hand. How far their position and this prospect have combined to excite the angry feelings of these gentlemen against the harsh language of Admiral GRAHAM's Committee we will not undertake to say, but the most candid of journalists cannot forget that the dockyard hands form a very important part of the electorate of dockyard towns, and also that pleasing your constituents is one of the things most necessary to be done in the interesting and complicated game of politics. Except Sir J. GORST and Mr. VANDERBYL, most of the members who took part in this discussion seemed on the whole to agree with Admiral GRAHAM. They seemed to think there was idleness in the dockyards, though there was some difference of opinion as to the causes. Sir THOMAS BRASSEY attributed it to the want of proper stimulants to industry. His opinion is that if special rewards were given for special industry more would be done. Very likely; but the want of prizes for good conduct is no reason why insufficient amount of work should be done for regular wages. Admiral Sir J. COMMERELL attributed it to the clumsy management of the Admiralty, which keeps men in enforced idleness. In reality these answers are forms of the same. Whether the men do not work properly because they are paid in a foolish way, or because they are not

allowed to do their best, the fault lies equally with the unintelligent administration of the Admiralty. Of the two, Sir J. COMMERELL's is the more satisfactory formula. The readiness of men to enter the dockyards, and work there for years on approbation before being put on the establishment, is proof enough that the wages and system of pay are no great grievance. If enough is not done, the reason doubtless is that the supervision is slack, or that the work is stupidly divided, or, still more probably, that both these causes operate at once. In the course of the discussion there were given further signs of that amusing difference of opinion which seems to exist as to the qualifications required for members of Committees on naval affairs. Civilians object to the presence of naval officers, and they, again, to the presence of civilians. After reading of the doings of Committees, and the criticisms passed on them, the general public may almost begin to think that they are equally useless whoever sits on them. Perhaps the wisest course for the Admiralty to take would be to act vigorously on the report of the last Committee it has appointed, and disregard all grumbling. Our complaint is that we have no sufficient evidence that it has taken this line. In the course of the somewhat straggling discussion, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD contrived to draw from Mr. HIBBERT some assurance that useless vessels are being withdrawn from the lists of the navy. The member for Marylebone has given ideas, somewhat magnificent ideas, as to what ought to be added to the navy; and he is now devoting himself to showing what ought to be taken away. He asks for the sale or destruction of some seventy-four vessels. There will be every disposition to agree with him if, as is only too probable, they are antiquated and not worth repairing. To have no useless ships is the next best thing to having a great many good ones. The destruction of vessels not worth keeping in repair is even a step towards getting new and better ones. As long as they exist they cost money which might be more profitably outlaid, and then they can be used as a blind when the condition of the navy is made the subject of complaint. Let them be swept away by all means; and then, if the navy list looks thinner, it will be sound, and we shall know where we are. Mr. HIBBERT was able to assure Lord CHARLES that the Admiralty has decided to break up or sell thirty-five of these obsolete vessels. Whether Lord CHARLES will take Mr. HIBBERT's advice, and consider he did a good night's work in getting this assurance, we do not know. But he may reflect that thirty-five is nearly the half of seventy-four, and that he has, therefore, done a little more than half the work he meant to do, which is almost enough for any reasonable member of Parliament.

At the end of the evening Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE brought forward his promised motion for the reduction of the estimates by the amount needed for the year's work on the *Nile* and the *Trafalgar*. The discussion on this motion was a reduced version of innumerable debates on the state of the navy. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, and of course Mr. ILLINGWORTH, insisted that these vessels would cost a great deal of money, and that spending money is in itself an immoral thing. Their argument was not put in this crude way, which would have fallen somewhat flat in a House of Commons tolerably familiar with the elementary truth that navies cost money. It was dressed with a certain degree of art. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE asked why we should go on building ironclads when other nations had given them up. Somebody had said that these would be the last vessels of their kind, and he wanted to know why, this being so, they should be built at all. To which questions the answers are obvious. It is not true that other nations have given up building ironclads, and, if it were, it would be no reason for stopping the construction of the *Nile* and the *Trafalgar*. They were undertaken because our navy was to be made stronger—the stronger the better—and this reason for building them remains good. As for the egregious person who said these vessels would be the last of their line, he should have remembered a good old piece of worldly wisdom, and waited till he knew before he prophesied. Mr. ILLINGWORTH, again, was irritated at the outlay of 2,000,000*l.* on two big ships, because more could be got for the money. The proof was characteristic of Mr. ILLINGWORTH. If, said this guardian of the public good, you built your ships half the size, you could get twice as many—four in place of two. Now, four is just twice as many as two—*argal*, we should have been twice as well off with the smaller ships. Such was the lucidity of Mr. ILLINGWORTH's reasoning. The Admiralty, strange to say,

have not been convinced by it, and the ships are to be proceeded with. It was a matter of course that the endless questions of the armoured and the unarmoured ends of the ironclad and the torpedo-boat should turn up in the discussion. Madness lies in the direction of the first, and the second has happily diminished in venom. The experiments of Admiral AURE at Toulon, which were to have demonstrated the invincibility of the torpedo-boat, have, on the contrary, dipped it into sudden obscurity. Their net result seems to have been the smashing up of three boats during the first two nights of the experiments. They have, in fact, proved the truth of the old opinion that vessels cannot be driven at a great speed in the dark and without lights, except under imminent peril of collision. It remains as true as ever it was that the stronger a vessel is, the better she is able to fight. As this is still the case, and as we need powerful ships to prevent the enemy from coming too near, and not only swift ones to watch him coming, the wisdom of building the *Nile* and *Trafalgar* would seem to be demonstrated. If, however, it is true that the Admiralty has decided to give these vessels a speed of only sixteen knots and a half an hour, when they might be made to go eighteen, there is still something to be done to improve their work.

EXPEDIENTS OF DESPERATION.

THE future lies on the knees of the gods, but Gladstonians are very uneasy about it. They pour out their woes into the sympathizing bosom of the journal with a world-wide circulation, and the effect is sometimes even more ludicrous than pathetic.

A gentleman signing himself "O. S." is particularly unhappy about the horrid names which his adversaries have been calling him. One would think that New Style would be a more appropriate signature; but it is hard to quarrel with a man struggling in such sore straits. "O. S." has observed with pain that "the word 'Unionist' is being extensively hawked about 'among the Tories'—especially, he might have added, among those double-dyed Tories who follow the banners of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord HARTINGTON. He is only too sure that "it will soon take its place among their election 'cries' and do terrible execution. For the best of men may well quail at the thought of being called a Separatist, especially when he is one. "O. S." apprehends that the use of the expressions "Liberal Unionist" and "Liberal Separatist" is only too likely to impose upon "the many simple folk who are little concerned with politics," and whose votes it is the aim of every good Gladstonian to secure. He therefore implores the editor of world-wide renown to withdraw these misleading phrases from circulation, and to substitute for them the beautiful words "Coercionists," and, still more horrible, "Conciliationists." He hopes that the simple folk aforesaid may not perceive that coercion of criminals is the root of civilization, and their conciliation the expedient of (in both senses of the adjective) barbarous cowardice; or that no one proposes either to coerce or to conciliate any one else. Therefore, if all Tories, Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals, all, in short, who are opposed to the gracious Parnellites, will kindly label themselves as Coercionist candidates, and permit their opponents to rejoice in the jaw-breaking appellation of Conciliationists, "O. S." will be very, very grateful, and the slender hopes of his party will be materially strengthened.

The same number of the same journal contains a still more curious appeal from a person describing himself as "An East Somerset Labourer." This horny-handed scribe desires to profit, and to see his fellow-voters in East Somerset profit, by political addresses from "the Home Rule members 'who have safe seats.'" He implores the assistance of the valorous Mr. HEALY, the accomplished Mr. MCCARTHY, the celebrated Mr. COX, and the intrepid Mr. CHILDERS. "Thousands of" East Somerset labourers "have been in 'favour of Home Rule for Ireland for years past'—wherein they have been considerably in advance of their leaders, including the world-wide editor, who really showed some self-sacrifice in printing this boast—"and thousands more would be if they only knew 'the past history of that cruelly treated country; but," he adds with infinite pathos, "we want leading." Touching as this is, it is absolutely nothing to the concluding phrase of his letter. "If you can find room for this in 'your valuable paper, I will thank you. We love Mr.

"GLADSTONE." Here is the true answer to "O. S.," the real battle-cry and summarized universal election address of the Anglo-Parnellite party. "We love Mr. GLADSTONE." In all soberness there is nothing else to be said for Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. GLADSTONE'S schemes. Love is proverbially independent of at least one important method of acquiring information. Only, if you love Mr. GLADSTONE, why do you want any more "leading" than that sublime and honourable passion supplies? What need have you of the witness of the Home Rulers with safe seats? Unless, indeed, it be that they love him, too, and that the affections entertained by different persons for a common object may be expected mutually to stimulate one another. We know how Mr. PARNELL loves Mr. GLADSTONE:—

What makes Parnell love Gladstone so?
The correspondent cries;
"Why, Gladstone loves Parnell, you know!"
The editor replies.

He showed it by putting him in prison, and again by letting him out, and they both show it now by their united endeavour to turn Mr. PARNELL out of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Parliament. But this is beside the point. The first and last word of the controversy is that, whether we are Unionist, Separatist, Conciliationist, or any other kind of ist, we love Mr. GLADSTONE. Let our names choose themselves as accident or Providence may dictate. They are "simple folk little concerned with politics" in East Somerset, and elsewhere where advocates of Separation are going to be returned. The real working distinction is summed up in those plain words:—We love Mr. GLADSTONE—or we don't.

CENTENNIALS AND MILLENNIALS.

BY way perhaps of preparing for the Royal jubilee next year, an unusual outbreak of the celebrations of anniversaries, centenaries, bi-centenaries, and other "complaints" incidental to old age has been contrived for this year. If historians and teachers of history could increase the interest which the public take in ancient events by these commemorations, there would be little cause for grumbling. But historians know, if not by study, at least by experience, that it does not help the cause of learning to celebrate the anniversary of an event which has to be discovered for the purpose; or, to put it differently, when a centennial or a millennial, or any other festival of the kind, is instituted only to prove once more that some long-exploded story is untrue, to slay the slain over again, to remind the world of what had better be forgotten, to call our attention to the names of people who never lived, and the foundation of cities and buildings which never existed except in fable, it simply does harm and gives a fictitious value to tradition and credulity, and all the uncritical manufactures which impede the way of the student and shorten the days of the teacher. So far, then, from looking at these mock anniversaries with favour, people who know best what phase of ignorance they really represent are inclined to disapprove of them as calculated to bring learning into contempt. Still, it may be contended on the other side that in an ancient country like ours it is well to look back occasionally, and, so to speak, take stock of our possessions in the realm of historical glory and greatness; and the contention would be allowed at once if the people who get up these commemorations showed the slightest power of discrimination between things worth celebrating, between real events, between true greatness and that false glitter of unreality and vanity which seems to have most attraction for small minds. The choice, when there is a choice, between the true and the false is sure to fall on the false. A city will rather raise a statue to a founder who never existed except in the popular imagination than celebrate the unobtrusive virtues of the man who obtained a civic charter. WALWORTH and WHITTINGTON did nothing for London in comparison with HARVEY or PILKINGTON; yet which is the most popular now! So, too, the Scotch have recently spent considerable sums to raise a memorial to WALLACE, a mediæval "dacoit" whose history is now chiefly interesting as showing that even an Irish "invincible" has something to learn in the arts of atrocity. The perversity of the popular imagination has unfortunately but too many illustrations just now among the living to be worth further notice here; but as examples of forthcoming celebrations and of forthcoming anniversaries are to be had in plenty, we may select two or three to show how well grounded is the complaint that, where a choice is offered,

we prefer something wholly imaginary or absolutely mischievous as the object of our veneration.

We are asked by correspondents of some of the daily papers to join in commemorating "the incorporation of Ripon by King ALFRED a thousand years ago." The condition of a man's mind who sincerely believes that cities were "incorporated" a thousand years ago, and that the West Saxon King had not enough on his hands without starting a municipality in a Yorkshire village, is not much to be envied. There is this perhaps to be said by way of excuse; a town in Surrey is mentioned in the same King's will as "Gyldeford," so that guilds may have been in existence in his time, and may have, here and there, been able to take charge of a town or the crossing of a shallow river. But a very different interpretation may be found for the name; and as to "the incorporation of Ripon," it is only necessary to observe that Ripon had no "gylde" at the time, and that, even if we allow the substantial truth of the whole legend, we have to account for the fact that, when Ripon next emerges upon the page of history, it is not "incorporated," and indeed is hardly inhabited. It is difficult to examine the subject seriously. Does the Dean of Ripon really believe the statement of GENT, the local historian of the last century, that Ripon was, "from an ancient manuscript, incorporated" in 886, in the 14th year of the reign of King ALFRED, and that this is the same Ripon which had been utterly destroyed in 860 by the Danes, and which had barely recovered enough seventy years later to be the subject of a grant from ÆTHELSTAN? And if the King's grandfather had "incorporated" Ripon, why does ÆTHELSTAN—far from giving it further municipal privileges—hand it over bodily to the church of St. Wilfrid, and

On ilka side the kirk a mile?

And why, if Ripon with its ancient corporation and its privileges survives to be celebrated in the present day, do we read nothing about it in the Domesday Book, but find instead the significant entry, "Omnis hee terra wasta est"? When we hear of the "incorporation of Ripon a thousand years ago," in short, we feel inclined to wonder not only what some people mean by the common noun "incorporation," but even what in this place is meant by the proper noun "Ripon."

The mention of the Domesday Survey, again, reminds us of another celebration which is about to be held. The Royal Historical Society—a body whose very name will be new to many people, though it has "flourished" for many years—seems suddenly to have come to the conclusion that it is time to do something both to justify and to prove its continued existence. So the fact that in 1086, or eight centuries ago, WILLIAM the Conqueror caused the Domesday Survey to be made and the Domesday Book to be compiled has been seized upon; and a Committee which fortunately contains the names of a good many people who are not members of the Royal Historical Society has been formed, and we are shortly to have an "octocentenary." The delay of another couple of hundred years could not have mattered much, and a "millennium" would then have elapsed which would have formed a much more symmetrical subject for celebration, and would have enabled the Society both to avoid the use of a very jaw-breaking name for its anniversary and also to include perhaps among its objects of historical interest the career of another WILLIAM whose efforts to destroy the Empire are still in progress, and are of too painful and immediate an interest to be available just at present for such a purpose.

The study of the Domesday Survey, if it is encouraged by this celebration, may be of great use to future historians, and we have no wish to disparage the exertions of the Society. It has often been pointed out in these columns that the Domesday Book is hardly ever quoted correctly, and that ignorant historians use it, as ignorant theologians use the Bible, to prove any view, however erroneous. It might be thought, for instance, prior to experience, that the survey of Middlesex would have formed in itself both an inexhaustible mine of information to the London student and a constant object of inquiry and research. It has been carefully copied in facsimile, and is within the reach of any one who cares to use it. A transliteration and translation—not of equal value with the facsimile—have also been made; and, for practical purposes, there are few documents more completely at the student's service. Yet, since the days of LYSONS, who had none of these advantages, no intelligible or even intelligent analysis of the condition of Middlesex eight hundred years ago has been printed, and the most absurd mistakes as to such easy questions

as the identification of Church lands and the subdivisions of agricultural holdings are constantly made and perpetuated. If the Society has been fortunate enough to discover, as, to judge by the preliminary notices, it has, the exact day in 1086 when the Survey was completed, that alone would be worthy of separate notice. But some experience of these affairs will probably render most readers suspicious; and, though the meetings are announced for "the end of the year," it is to be feared that the exact "anniversary of the completion of the Domesday Survey" will elude the research of the appointed Committee as surely as the more elementary facts of municipal history have escaped the learned promoters of the millenary of the incorporation of a town which did not exist in 1086.

One remarkable event which might have been expected to stir the very soul of a "celebrant of millenaries" has been wholly neglected; but in this case the fact is real. There is no romantic legend, no rhyming charter, no perversion of possibilities to add zest to the commemoration. The following passage, founded on historical documents of unquestionable veracity, occurs on page 7 of a not uncommon volume, Srow's *London*:—"This Citie of London hauing bene destroyed and brent by the Danes and other Pagan enemies about the yere of CHRIST 839, was by ALFRED, King of the west Saxons, in the yere 886, repayed and honorably restored, and made again habitable." CAMDEN and SROW among the Elizabethan writers quote this passage from ASSER and the Chronicle; it has been frequently mentioned and commented on of late years, yet one of the worthiest objects of a centennial or millennial celebration has been wholly neglected. "The colonization of London by ALFRED a thousand years ago" might have been calculated in this year of Colonial enthusiasm to be very popular.

LONDON RUFFIANISM.

IT has become so habitual with the newspaper reporter to congratulate himself and his readers on the increasing refinement and humanization of popular manners, especially as illustrated on great public holidays, that he apparently does not trouble himself to inquire whether on any particular occasion his complacency is or is not kept in countenance by the fact. "We air a great people" seems to be his view, "and we must be cracked up." London magistrates, however, appear to be singularly regardless of their duty in this respect, and are apt sometimes, in their blunt, unceremonious way, to blurt out a suspicion that a millennium of popular decency and good manners has not yet arrived. Thus, while the reporter is in one column bidding us note with pride that the holiday charges were nothing "out of the way" on Tuesday last, Mr. HANNAY in another column makes observations of a character difficult to reconcile with those of the reporter. Alluding to some cases in which there had been assaults, Mr. HANNAY remarked that, from what he had recently observed in the Metropolitan Police Courts, the London public did not seem to have advanced in the sweetening of their manners, notwithstanding the enormous civilizing and educational influences at work. In the two days (Monday and Tuesday) of business at that (the Clerkenwell) Police Court the character of the charges brought showed that a great amount of drunken and brutal conduct prevailed. It was a matter for surprise and regret that people could not control themselves more on a popular holiday. That they leave something to be desired in the matter of self-control is evident enough in such a case as, for instance, that of JAMES GRADY. JAMES GRADY, whose interesting age is eighteen, and who is therefore comparatively fresh from those civilizing and educational influences just referred to, was seen by Miss CHAPLIN in High Street, Poplar, at 11.30 on Monday night, to knock a child into the road. She tried to avoid him herself; but, before she could do so, he knocked her down by an entirely unprovoked blow on the side of the head. While she was on the ground he kicked her on the face and loosened her teeth. The hero of this exploit was sober, and was sentenced for it by Mr. SAUNDERS to the quite inadequate punishment of two months' imprisonment.

Mr. HANNAY and the reporter must settle between them whether the masses are improving or not. We are quite content, for our own part, with the humble proposition that, whatever the progress or otherwise of the masses, they still contain a quite large enough admixture of brutal ruffianism to make it worth our while to bring certain

other "influences" to bear upon them than those of which Mr. HANNAY speaks. For we confess that we do not share that worthy magistrate's surprise at the failure of these civilizing and educational agencies to sweeten the "manners" of JOHN GRADY. For all we know, he may have passed through the whole Six Standards, but it does not in the least astonish us to find that the acquisition of a fair mastery over decimal fractions has not in the slightest degree arrested his development into a savage blackguard. We should as soon have expected it to reduce the strength of his leg-muscles or the weight and thickness of his boots. It is purely visionary to suppose that popular education, at least within any period of which we need take account, will stop the supply of JOHN GRADYS. What these civilizing and educational influences do, unfortunately, effect is to multiply the number of the people who have just enough "enlightenment" to turn their heads, and more "humanity" than they can carry, and who thus become an easy prey to that spirit of mawkish sentimentalism which is tending more and more every day to place that civilization which these people talk about so much and understand so little at the mercy of the barbarian element in the community. Who doubts—or who, at least, save those who have not gushed and twaddled themselves out of all perception for the stern facts of human nature and human life—that what JOHN GRADY and his like require at the hands of society are not refining, but coercive and corrective, influences? It is their physical, not their moral, susceptibilities which need to be appealed to, or, rather, it is through the former alone that there is any chance of reaching the latter. Ten minutes' interview with a warder armed with the efficient cat would do them more good than ten years more of subjection to what Mr. HANNAY calls "the enormous civilizing and educational influences" of the day. For, in truth, to the JOHN GRADYS of our great cities the cat-o'-nine-tails is itself a "civilizing and educational influence" of a quite indispensable kind.

ON THE STUMP.

MR. GLADSTONE has opened the electoral campaign with what his admirers will describe as another triumphal progress to the North. He was mobbed at St. Pancras before starting, and again at Leicester, Normanston, Hawick, and elsewhere on his way to Edinburgh. "Burly Yorkshiremen," who, after all, are not Londoners, have pressed forward to shake his hand and assure him of their sympathy; local Cancuses, very perfectly representative of themselves, have read him congratulatory addresses; and a Scotchman, lineally descended from KIRKPATRICK of Closeburn, has presented him with a stick bearing the legend "Mak' sicker WILLIE," the "Red COMYN" being represented on this occasion, we suppose, by the British Empire. From all which it is already evident to the minds of many amiable enthusiasts that Mr. GLADSTONE is going to win. The little difficulty that the fitting of the PRIME MINISTER was wildest and noisiest in London, where he is not believed even by his most ardent supporters to stand his best chance of success, appears to have been overlooked; but when attention is called to it, it may, perhaps, suggest a doubt whether it is always safe to reckon cheers as votes. To some of the manifestations of sympathy Mr. GLADSTONE replied by speech, and by speech of very much the same kind as may be supposed appropriate to a certain tetrarch of Galilee who afterwards fell a victim to an exceedingly painful and disagreeable malady. We do not, of course, mean to imply that the PRIME MINISTER out-Heroded HEROD in the way of any direct assumption of Divine attributes. His well-known humility forbids him to do more than lay claim to a sort of Papal Vicariate; but he was good enough to instruct the crowd out of the windows of his saloon-carriage as to the Divine view of the three nations whose Union he has vowed to dissolve. The occasion, and no doubt the physical position, were unfavourable for argument, and no trace of any such thing is accordingly to be found in Mr. GLADSTONE's brief addresses. But he might, perhaps, have spared his hearers the display of so open a contempt for their understanding as was implied in his reference to the moral nobility of that enterprise which he denounced last autumn, and which he first perceived in its true light when it became associated with eighty-six valuable Irish votes. In the morning of the life of Mr. GLADSTONE's third Administration, to imitate a once familiar style, the Noble wedded the Useful, and the offspring was the Separation Bill. And now "the question

"which you"—that is to say, the mob on the St. Pancras platform—"and your fellow-electors have to determine is "whether you will govern Ireland by love and confidence, "or govern her by force—as I myself intended to do" (this is only in one report) "when my last Government fell, and "as, perhaps, I should be intending to do now if it were not "for those eighty-six Parnellite votes which I was bound, "somehow or other, to detach from the Conservatives."

However, it is ill pursuing this account of the PRIME MINISTER's oratorical progress. The effect upon one's view of human nature is too deplorable. It is too painful to think that even the most haphazard collection of members of an advanced political community should be either such simpletons as to believe in the sincerity of Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden enthusiasm for Irish autonomy, or so cynical as not to care, while they vociferously cheer him, whether it be sincere or not. Moreover, the question of good faith, though its decision has an important evidential bearing on the issue before the country, is not that issue itself. What the country will be called upon in a few weeks to decide is, in plain terms, whether England shall continue to govern Ireland, or whether she shall, under the combined influences of cowardice, indolence, and sentimental credulity, place the government of Ireland in her own hands, and the tranquillity, prosperity, and ultimate security of the British Empire at her mercy. Mr. GLADSTONE has two ways of expressing this simple issue in his public utterances. One is to describe it as the question whether Ireland shall or shall not be allowed "the management of her own affairs," and the other is to represent it as identical with the question whether England shall govern Ireland by the method of conciliation or by that of coercion. These fraudulent misstatements of the point in dispute have been exposed again and again from every political quarter—by Conservatives, by Liberals, by Radicals, in Lord HARTINGTON's and Mr. GOSCHEN's election addresses no less than in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's very elaborate exposition of his own Irish policy in his speech of last Thursday night at Birmingham. Of that policy we may think what we please; but the pretence that it is wanting in definiteness and consistency is perhaps about the most audacious that has ever been put forward by the author of the flabbiest and pulpiest scheme that was ever itself put forward under the disguise of a Parliamentary Bill. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, has done ample satirical justice on the imprudence which coined the phrase about "halting, stumbling, ever-shifting proposals," and has formulated his own alternative plan with a clearness and precision which presents the most marked contrast possible to the blurred and wavering outlines of the Separation Bill. In explaining it to his Birmingham audience Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stated that, as regards its general principles, there was very little difference between Lord HARTINGTON and himself. Mr. GOSCHEN in his address has announced himself favourable to the extension of local self-government throughout the United Kingdom. The late Conservative Ministry met Parliament with a pledge to introduce such a measure as soon as might be. Practically, therefore, Mr. GLADSTONE's misrepresentations meet with one consistent reply from the three political parties or sections of parties opposed to him. Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals alike deny that there is no alternative between all and nothing in respect of concession to Ireland, and that those who refuse to offer the Parnellites the Repeal of the Union have nothing on the other hand but a renewal of the Crimes Act. "Resolute "government" will no doubt be necessary to break down the tyranny to which Irishmen are at present in bondage; but those who assert that the opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy propose nothing more than this, and are not prepared to recognize the principle of decentralization in any way with respect to the management of local affairs in Ireland, are simply asserting what they know to be an untruth. And, since it is an untruth which every fresh utterance of a Unionist renders more patent and more flagrant, there should be good ground for hoping that even the rawest of the new electors will not be deceived by it.

We confess to having turned with some curiosity to Lord ROSEBERRY's speech at Glasgow to see whether, with his undeniable cleverness as a political speaker, he had been able to devise some other and more legitimate way of advocating the Ministerial case than the very old dialectical expedient of misrepresenting the case on the other side. But no. Lord ROSEBERRY himself cannot apparently think of anything better than the usual talk about "twenty years of coercion"; and, unfortunately for him, he goes on to define coercion in a

way which is extremely fatal to his own argument. "Coercion" apparently is not the name of any system of repression by extraordinary or exceptional law, but is synonymous with any policy which "aims at imposing resolutely the will of England on Ireland against the wishes"—any wishes, for all that appears—"of Ireland." If this is coercion, and if coercion is never to be adopted, we may bid good-bye to the restraints and safeguards of the Separation Bill from the moment when they begin to run counter to the wishes of the people of Ireland. And yet Lord ROSEBURY had been talking a few moments before—with a somewhat excessive prudery, it is true—of the enormous material power of the Empire which might be exerted to keep Ireland within the limits prescribed by a Home Rule Act. What! "against the wishes of the people of Ireland"! How singular it is that men of otherwise clear intelligence should be so obstinately unwilling, or so hopelessly unable, to grasp the fact that all government must ultimately rest on the sanction of superior force—to exert which is coercion—and that, outside the circle of pure anarchism, the difference between politicians as to the point at which the consent of the governed may be dispensed with and force applied is not in any sense a question of principle at all, though it may be a good *argumentum ad invidiam et inscitiam* so to represent it.

MILITARY TOURNAMENTS.

AT the present day many different shows of skill before a critical audience, whether for the sake of honourable distinction only or for more intrinsically valuable prizes, are called tournaments, and with a certain etymological right, it must be owned, although the functions are often extra-pacific. Thus we are now familiar with such terms as lawn-tennis, angling, skating, or even chess tournaments, the main necessary being the presence of a specially gathered "gallery." In this respect it is somewhat curious that the term should not have been applied to some more essentially manly competitions as assaults-at-arms, steeplechases, or polo matches.

There would be an ample field for critical inquiries into the different manners in which those leading, albeit antagonistic, tendencies of the healthy mind, destructive combativeness and love of approbation and splendour, have combined themselves under different social conditions. That the main idea of a tournament is of all ages seems to be the opinion of most of those writers who discussed that topic in days when a good performance in the lists was still thought to be a satisfactory proof of worth. But, like many historians of a somewhat cognate subject, heraldry, who cannot refrain from tracing the origin of their science in an unbroken chain to classical days, those expounders of the noble arts of chivalry want to prove too much when they claim the direct affiliation of the Olympic games and the fights of the Roman amphitheatres to mediæval tournaments. To quote only one author, but one who on that subject was a host in himself, and resumed the opinions of all his predecessors at a time when chivalry, although much talked about, was already a thing of the past, such was the opinion of the Sieur Vulson de la Colombière, expressed in a formidable work intitled *Vray Théâtre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie*, dedicated in 1648 to Cardinal Mazarin.

All that can be said is that the fundamental idea which presided at the sacred groves of Olympia, on the arena of the Colosseum, animated the tiltyards of Smithfield or Westminster and the Place du Carrousel in Paris, and was the same as that which nowadays draws so many competitors to the annual meeting in the Agricultural Hall. Many an ingenious parallel, however, might be drawn by an antiquarian between the periodical competitions of the Greeks and the royal tournaments of knightly ages in honour of fair women. He might contrast the notions of manly splendour as displayed in classical times by the highly cultivated, though little adorned, personal beauty of the athlete, and in the middle ages by the reckless expenditure of the knight in the lists on dress and armour; likewise the idealistic tendency which set so much value on the palm or the crown of olive received from the temple, of as little intrinsic value as the veil or the sleeve conceded by some noble lady as a reward to valour; lastly, the caste prejudice which in one case showed itself in the haughty exclusion of aught but pure Hellenic blood from the stadium, and in the other in the brutal contempt which closed the lists against all *ignobles*. In the same manner the gladiatorial combats of Imperial Rome, when the gladiator assumed a positive and somewhat enviable position in society, when freemen, knights, and senators, even emperors themselves, condescended to tread the arena, are in some respects comparable to mediæval tournaments, though it is impossible to turn them into direct ancestors.

No doubt all those military exercises which in our own time admit of forming a tournament can be traced to mediæval chivalric performances, to which must be added practices born in fencing-schools when the latter waxed in importance as armour went out of fashion. In later days many of these were greatly modified under the influence of the modern scientific methods of horse-

manship, which seem to have been first elaborated in Italy, although they owe much of their subsequent perfection to our intercourse with Eastern horsemen. All the so-called chivalrous exercises are no doubt of Teutonic origin. The Northern barbarians, whose notions of heavenly joy were centred in a regular alternation of raging fights and splendid banquets, handed down to their descendants of Christian times that overpowering love of strife and display which found in warlike pageants and extravagant hospitality the most popular means of whiling away the tedium of peaceable periods. Accordingly, it would be idle to attempt, as many have done, to settle the date and the precise spot which saw the first tournaments. After the last migration of barbarians, about the birth-time of modern Western nations, we begin to hear everywhere of those sumptuous meetings for the glorification of martial proficiency which remained so long the principal of aristocratic mediæval pastimes.

In the joust, or trial of skill by single combat à *plaisance*, lurks the ancient Germanic notion of courtesy which prompted a host to honour a noble guest by offering him the opportunity of displaying his prowess in fight. The judicial duel, of the same national origin, is undoubtedly father to the joust à *outrance*, for vindication of personal honour or in proof of a lady's perfections. In fact, chivalry being, in its ideal character and its feudal working, originally a Teutonic institution, the same must be said of the tournament, which was nothing more than a mimic representation of that chivalrous warfare which considered the despicable unarmoured plebeian as beneath reckoning. The element of Christianity being paramount, the rapid spreading of knightly habits throughout all Christian realms popularized everywhere the knightly pastimes of the lists, the details of which were necessarily often altered in different countries to suit the military habits of the time and the people. For a long period, however, all these noble games remained subject to one principal condition—namely, the wearing of more or less complete armour. It would only be by an exhaustive and critical study of the history of armour—a study, by the way, which has not been satisfactorily made yet—that we could realize the true nature of every one of the numerous methods of jousting, turneying, and fighting at the barriers with sharp or blunt weapons.

When the perfecting of the dastardly firearm began seriously to affect the question of armour, and gradually but surely to reduce its paramount importance previous to driving it out of the field, the old tournament being no longer a practical school of warfare, underwent curious modifications, the most noticeable of which were the elaboration of a much more complicated horsemanship, a greater importance attached to grace, and a lighter kind of manual skill in the wielding of arms. All these innovations in the military manners of Europe after the Renaissance seem to have arisen in the South, especially in Italy. From the South came the first teachers of that cavalier-like accomplishment, riding "the great horse," likewise the cunning of the nimble rapier, as well as those inventions most fatal to the prestige of ironclad warriors, the pistol and the musket; and to Southern influence generally is to be traced the change from the uncompromising exercises of the lists to the elegancies of the *carrousel*. This change was popularly realized by the almost universal substitution of the Italian word *cavalier* for the older one of knight. Its extent can be measured at a glance by comparing the chivalric scenes delineated by Hans Burgmair with the pictures of early seventeenth-century tournaments, after the new Italian manner, which illustrate Pistofilo's or Pluvinel's works. We can hardly imagine the idea of a competition in the art of presenting oneself at the barriers "with the best grace" arising in any but an Italian head; this was a very usual prize competed for at a cavaliers' tournament.

In France the tournament proper, of which tilting and heavy blows formed the staple concern, may be said to have lapsed into desuetude after the death of Henri II., and to have been replaced by the private duel for the purpose of *outrance*, and for that of *plaisance* by the Italianated *carrousel*. In England, triumphs and such more or less histrionic pageants dear to Elizabeth's love of adulation insensibly drove out the more practical military character of the displays in the lists, and even these almost disappeared under the first Stuart to make room for the shows of horsemanship in imitation of the Spanish *carrousel* and *Juego de cañas*—such representations being more congenial than the old-fashioned brutal tilting to a king who combined what he supposed to be a profound knowledge of equitation to a really profound aversion to all "trenchant and poignant" weapons. Although in Germany the ruinous Thirty Years' War, and in England the wars of the rebellion and the ascendancy of Puritanism, put gorgeous shows and every sort of tournament out of fashion, one kind of cavalier accomplishment—namely, military riding—had ample opportunities of being developed during the seventeenth century. The theoretical precepts of the great Pignatelli, expounded later by royally-favoured adepts like Pluvinel, Charnizai, the Duke of Newcastle, were put to practical test during the long contentions of Cavaliers and Ironsides, of the German Protestants with Wallenstein's dragoons.

To the development of the science of fencing in all its branches, and to the multiplication of the exercises which can be performed on horseback, and which consequently have become indispensable to the soldier, the modern military tournament owes its very elastic comprehensiveness. It is interesting to remark that most of the celebrated riders of the high horse have been keen swordsmen; such was notoriously the case, to mention only names

familiar to English ears, with the Duke of Newcastle, Sir William Hope, the first Angelo, and the Earl of Pembroke, who were as celebrated for their skill in the fencing-room as for their prowess in the saddle.

Nowadays so much interest is bestowed in England on the favourite sports of hunting and steeplechasing that there seems to be little left to spare for that more essentially military kind of riding which in foreign countries is held to be of paramount importance. Of late years, however, tournaments have become the fashion, and among them the annual military display at the Agricultural Hall may fairly be reckoned as an encyclopedia of all those martial exercises which have been devised at all times to satisfy the love of the people for warlike pageants, to give the ardent youth a field for the display of his bravery and adroitness in gorgeous array, and also to afford humbler but keen experts in the use of arms occasion to gain well-merited notoriety and rewards. The immense popularity of the Islington entertainment has, we believe, little to do with its charitable purpose—a most deserving one—but is due to intrinsic excellence. This brave display appeals at once to the martial spirit of a nation truly said to be always at war in some part or other of its dominions, and to its innate admiration for physical power; to the competent critic of military athletics, as well as to the mere spectator in search of picturesque animation. The observer possessed of a mania for historical comparisons finds in its programme representations—adapted to modern requirements—not only of the jousts, tournaments, and barriers of mediæval knights, but of all the quaint exercises, the castills, triumphs, and entries of latter-day cavaliers, the assaults-at-arms of the last century, and all the newest feats of horsemanship we have learnt from our Eastern subjects. By letting his imagination run still more freely he might even discover that many of those “events” which at first sight seem essentially modern in character are merely renovations of antique exercises. For instance, lance, bayonet, and sword exercise on foot form a tolerable counterpart of the Pyrrhic dance. In other words, they are rhythmical movements representing all the principal actions the weapons in question are capable of for offence and defence, performed with much personal grace; the importance attached to rhythm at once classing this kind of show outside the pale of fencing. He would see that chariot-driving, as a military exercise, which it undoubtedly was in its earliest days, is not quite a thing of the dead past, for it has been revived as a tournament display under even more exciting and difficult conditions in the team-driving of our Horse Artillery, and we hardly think that the enthusiasm excited in the Roman circus by the skilful management of *quadrigæ* could have been greater than that evoked at Islington by our gunners.

The mounted single trials, Lance *v.* Lance or Sabre *v.* Sabre, are the natural descendants of the joust in the list agreeably to modern ideas, and where skilled riding and cunning fence take the place of sturdiness and weight and excellency of armour.

The combined movements of the “musical ride” expound the art of the *haute école* in its practical bearing, whilst the charges and pursuing practice of our troopers may be said fairly to recall the purposes of the *tournoiement*.

In the contests on foot—foil-fencing, single-stick, bayonet and sabre—can be appreciated the varied nature of the “playing for prizes at all manner of weapons, rapier and backsword, pique, halbert, and hangers” whereat in past centuries the numerous corporations of masters of defence solemnly proved their science and bravery. The great superiority of lemon-cutting, heads-and-posts, tent-pegging with sword and lance, over the old-fashioned tilts at the quintain, as a display of accurate horsemanship, would no doubt amaze the shade of the great Pluvinel himself, and convince him that the untoward ascendancy of powder and lead has not been fatal to English *cavalerie* accomplishments. Nor are triumphs and castills, such as the siege of the Castle of Beauty which delighted Elizabeth and amused the Ambassadors her guests, or the storming of infidel strongholds dear to Spanish tournament-managers, without their modern representatives in the cleverly marshalled sham-fights which formed the most novel features of this year’s display.

The printed programme has, unfortunately for the picturesque element, done away with the heraldic pageantry of past ages. On the other hand, the competitors’ names, qualifications, and high deeds are no doubt more likely to be correctly recorded to fame by the help of such a prosy medium than if the vocal powers of the energetic but husky warrant-officer who acts as king-at-arms in the Islington lists were taxed as heavily as were those of ancient heralds. As far as his task reaches, however, nothing but praise can be given to the faultless marshalling of such a vast number of competitors and such variety of exercises. Indeed, the whole performance is one on which we may place much national pride, especially when we compare it with similar attempts abroad; and, when it is remembered that the first notions of scientific horsemanship and so many of our warlike exercises have come to us from abroad, the remark inevitably suggests itself that these seeds of knowledge have fallen on more grateful soil than that of their original birthplace.

THREE DOCUMENTS.

THE approach of a general election is always a time of embarrassment of riches in the way of subjects, and the present time is certainly no exception to the rule. We, surveying British mankind from the Land’s End to John O’Groat’s, and from

Dover to Donegal, do not generally find any lack in that respect; but three more agreeable texts than lie this week before us we have not recently found. The address of Messrs. Arch and Leicester to the Horny-handed, a column of sarcasm on the Duke of Argyll from Dr. Joseph Parker in the *Daily News*, and a long speech at Rochester from Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who announces that he is going to begin, that “if he gets hard words he is going to give them back,” are all and each in its way more exquisite songs than the other; but Labour is King, and Messrs. Arch and Leicester (the address, by the way, is not written in Mr. Leicester’s celebrated orthography) shall have the precedence.

We shall say little more about the reappearance of our venerable friend “the horny-handed son of toil” itself. It would appear, as Mr. Thackeray remarked of the commercial traveller, that Messrs. Arch and Leicester “cannot take their wine without this odd ceremony.” The ceremony is odd, but the wine is odder than the ceremony; if indeed this be possible. So to call a man who has very likely been at a Board school, who has certainly read newspapers, and who must be in most cases well aware that “horny-handed son of toil” is exactly the sort of thing that a very maladroit aristocrat who hated him very much and had a great contempt for him would call him if he wished to ingratiate himself, certainly seems curious. But horny-handed son of toil, though an exceeding poor and beggarly phrase, is at least grammar and, in a way, sense. Perhaps “the fellow-workers and brothers” whom Messrs. Arch and Leicester address can tell us what this means. “That voice [the voice of the people, which Messrs. A. and L. have just, with startling originality, observed is also “the voice of God”] asserted itself at the last election clear and trumpet-tongued when a Tory Administration held out to you a policy of no coercion, all fair without like Dead Sea fruit, but when tasted and tested, turned to ashes on the lips in their proposed repressive measures to govern the sister isle.” “I explain this! men and hangels!” What was tasted and tested, in the name of—anything? The policy or the Administration? the Dead Sea fruit or the men who held out the Dead Sea fruit? Grammar says one; sense the other. Then Messrs. Arch and Leicester say that “the spirit of lying is abroad,” which indeed is true. And then there follows something that will cause the Rev. Dawson Burns to rend his garments and put ashes (not tobacco ashes) on his head and bemoan himself for many days. Messrs. Arch and Leicester, the working-men’s champions, the apostles of Sunday Liquor Bills, describe the Tory policy as being “unacceptable and unstable as water.” Unacceptable as water! Oh, Sir Wilfrid! Oh, holy Alliance for refusing drink to the thirsty! What is, then, the vanity that is acceptable to these two desperadoes? What is the vanity that they would recommend to a festive friend who wished, say, to crush a cup and hiss the Queen? Whatever it is, it is interesting to see that they gravely take the Irish meaning of “exterminator” as if it were the English one. Lord Salisbury is charged in this astonishing address to the Hands of Horn with being a “would-be exterminator” of the said hands. But even Messrs. Arch and Leicester do not imagine that this wicked Marquess really desires to take a snickersnee and do the Nero-trick with a single head of millions of the H. H. Not at all. For they add “from their motherland, to make room for flocks and herds.” Such is the profound learning of Messrs. Arch and Leicester that they insist on the literal derivation from *ex* and *terminus*, regardless of usage. Unless, indeed, any one prefers to suppose that, being men rather of horny hands than of quilly pens, they got an Irish member to do their manifesto, in order to prevent any inconvenience that might arise from their doing it themselves. Many men of great litterary powers—Mr. T. P. O’Connor, Mr. O’Brien, Mr. O’Kelly, Mr. O’Thia, Mr. O’That—are ready, no doubt, to give a cast of their office in such a cause to a hard-bested, horny-handed one; and “victory will sit on his helm” “clear as the noonday light,” “the crafty shibboleths of union” (why not the crafty shibboleths of the multiplication table?), “wilder of Manitoba,” and so forth, look very much like the gutter journalist, and that particular variety of gutter journalist which now sits in great numbers under Mr. Parnell.

Messrs. Arch and Leicester are indignant and eloquent; but the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker is sarcastic. It seems to have annoyed the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker to find that to be a Nonconformist is not necessarily to be a Gladstonian. He has only just learnt that there are exceptions to every rule, and it has annoyed him. Yet such are the laws of the universe. Colonists are believed to be intelligent persons, yet “A Colonist” has written to us this week complaining because we use the word “mumble” of bones as well as of curses, and asking what “sicker” means, as if he had never heard of one Robert Bruce, and the Red Comyn, and the motto of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn (it is true that some of them have been fools enough in these latter days to translate it), and the Minorite Church at Dumfries. It is also true that Irish Parnellite members have laughed at “outrages,” yet Mr. Sexton, M.P., has this week severely denounced the “outrage” of knocking the head, not off a cow or a man, but off the gatepost of a Roman Catholic chapel. Thus there are no rules without exceptions, and the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of the City Temple must even make up his mind to the mortifying fact that Mr. Spurgeon and several other distinguished Nonconformists, although they may be still quite sure that there is no God but God, have considerable doubts whether Mr. Gladstone is his prophet. But to this will Dr. Joseph Parker not reconcile himself, and as it would be indecent to fall on Mr. Spurgeon and the brethren, he falls on the Duke of

Argyll—"a Duke (whatever that may be)," as Dr. Parker says, with an excursion into the regions of metaphysical sarcasm which, if slightly feminine, is decidedly original. "Think of any possible or conceivable Duke," goes on Dr. Parker (and again the awful possibilities of a *Kritik aller möglichen Herzoglichkeit* burst on the mind) "questioning Mr. Gladstone's superior wisdom and ability!" Now this is not good sarcasm, as we, who know something about that article, will kindly and briefly explain to Dr. Parker. For, the whole question being whether Mr. Gladstone's superior wisdom and ability are things not to be questioned, on pain of salvation or the other thing, the assertion, by dint of a "think" and a mark of exclamation, that they are not is hardly forcible. You don't, good Dr. Parker, get any forrarder by it, you see. The same, or rather a variety of the same, fault appears in much more of Dr. Parker's ironic wrath. For, dealing with the illiterate question, he asks whether Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, &c., are illiterate. Now this (for so kind are we to Dr. Parker that we will give him another lesson in the art sarcastic) is again a flash in the pan. For unluckily the charge against the "classes," against "education," and so forth, came originally from Mr. Gladstone's and Dr. Parker's own side, and the Duke has done nothing more than take it up. So that Dr. Parker's scorn falls back on his own head—a thing sedulously to be avoided, but very apt to happen to novices in the use of this peculiar boomerang. And so it is with all the rest of a very long letter. Dr. Parker, sacrilegious Dr. Parker, is really sarcasming the great god of his idolatry himself—a dreadful thing to do. And when he keeps a little away from this crime, his ironic description of himself as "a coarse-grained plebeian," and so forth, is very dangerous, very dangerous indeed. What if some coarse-grained patrician were to mistake Dr. Parker here, and take him at his own valuation? It is a most alarmingly double-edged weapon is this irony. However, Dr. Parker will doubtless profit by the instruction which (with a total absence of the curmudgeonly jealousy and Trade-Unionism of some practitioners) we have given him, and his peroration is really good enough to quote whole and without comment, especially as it is in a style in which we really have no lessons to give him, though it is still (this is very important to remember) meant sarcastic:—

Sir, let me use your columns for the purpose of addressing a kind of muddled apostrophe to my degraded fellow-countrymen: O ye base and worthless illiterates, ye blind and brainless owls, why not leave everything to the House of Lords? Why not be managed by dukes and controlled by belted earls? O ye sons of night, ye grovelling progeny of darkness, why not book straight through to the Zion of Toryism, and take outside places on the Salisbury coach driven by Churchill and conducted by Goschen? O ye self-willed and self-worshipping monsters, ye enfranchised beasts of prey, why will ye not do just as you are bid? What you need is twenty years' "resolute government," then you would fawn like whipped hounds and lick the hands of your masters. Farewell.

The young person of the name of Gladstone who spoke the other day at Rochester requires shorter notice. The son of "Napoleon le Petitissime" (as, since Mr. Tenniel's excellent caricature we suppose Mr. Gladstone must be called, "Napoleon le Petit" being engaged already) remarked, as we have said, that, if he got hard words, he meant to give them back. Nevertheless, the hardness of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's words is only relative. He was perhaps a little hard on his own side. He said that he and his friends were "not ashamed," and indeed that is hardly news. He compared his papa's Bill to something which had "gone into corruption," a singularly happy and accurate statement, but a little awkward in the mouth of the speaker. And then he repeated certain statements about the "coalition" of last year—an interesting feat of conjuring, inasmuch as it is certainly on record that he had to swallow the said statements several months ago. But it is hardly worth while to bestow more time on Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who never opens his lips without providing the devotees of heredity with an interesting problem. Still, he makes a very agreeable third to the Arch-Leicester combination, and to the Reverend Dr. Joseph Parker. Somebody should really write, on Emersonian-Carlylesse principles, a little treatise on "Representative Gladstonians." "Messrs. Arch and Leicester; or, the Men of Letters"; "Dr. Parker; or, the Sarcasm"; "Mr. Herbert Gladstone; or, the Orator." "The Hero as Grammarian," "The Hero as Metaphysician," and "The Hero as Son," might do as alternatives, and a very pretty trio they make altogether. From our own special point of view, we take most interest in Dr. Joseph Parker. Of Mr. Herbert Gladstone it may be harshly said by some that mere impudence, without anything at its back except somebody else's great name, has not much attraction. Mr. Arch, others may urge, is not half fun when he won't let Mr. Leicester do the spelling. But a Gladstonian endeavouring at the arts of Swift and Canning and others that shall be nameless, a Gladstonian trying to use the ironic method, a Gladstonian apparently under the sincere impression that wit and humour can be pressed into the service of Gladstonianism, is really interesting. The first attempt is not very happy, but that is natural. Failure is the usual starting place for success, and who knows that Dr. Joseph Parker by diligently practising the ironic method may not convert himself from Nonconformity and Gladstonianism, and all the other ills that soul is heir to, and become a very decent sort of person? That may seem impossible; but it cannot be too often repeated that nothing is impossible except that A should be not-A, and that Mr. Gladstone should tell the plain and simple truth.

RECENT BAVARIAN KINGS.

THE abrupt and tragical close of the career of the late unfortunate Louis II. of Bavaria will recall to those at all familiar with recent Bavarian history some curious recollections. The *Times* in commenting on his end has twice gone out of its way to describe his father, Maximilian II., as illiberal and "reactionary," and therefore unpopular with his subjects. The precise opposite is the fact. Monarchy in Bavaria is no doubt a different thing from monarchy in England, and if Queen Victoria were *per impossibile* to essay to govern in just the same manner as "King Max"—as he was usually styled—the attempt might not unreasonably be called a "reactionary" one. But it was avowedly as the representative of constitutional, in the place of absolute, monarchy that Maximilian II. ascended the Bavarian, as William III. ascended the English, throne. His father and predecessor, the too famous Louis I., who in the event survived him, was compelled to abdicate in 1843, not only or chiefly, as is sometimes said, "because he made a fool of himself with Lola Montez"—as of course he did very conspicuously—but because he refused to accept constitutional government. And it was as a constitutional sovereign that his son was called to succeed him. Nor did Maximilian II. betray his trust. If he could not emulate the artistic taste of his father, which chiefly contributed to make "the city of frescoes" what it is—a kind of pinchbeck modern Athens—he was free from the arbitrary temper and erratic follies which made Louis I. more like Pisistratus than Pericles. By men of weight and judgment, such as Dr. Dollinger—who is a Conservative in the best sense of the word, but very far indeed from being an obscurantist or reactionary—he was both respected and beloved. Dr. Dollinger preached at the Solemn Requiem for him in the royal Theatine Church, of which he is Provost, and the discourse, which was published, contains an eloquent and elaborate tribute to his character, both as a man and as a constitutional sovereign, for the preacher emphasized the latter point, taking the English as the true type of constitutional monarchy. Soon afterwards Dr. Dollinger had an opportunity, in delivering an address before the Royal Academy of Science at Munich, to speak more minutely of his personal recollections of the character and opinions of his late master, with whom he had been on intimate terms of friendship, and his earnest endeavours to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of his subjects. Of the popularity of King Max no one who happened to be in Munich at the time of his terribly sudden death in the spring of 1864, and witnessed the universal demonstration of feeling it evoked, could entertain a doubt. His illness lasted less than a day. He became unwell in the afternoon of March 9 that year—a fact which was not generally known at the time—and died next day before noon. The first public announcement of his illness was conveyed by the tolling of the Cathedral bell at 5 A.M., on March 10, which intimated to the Munichers, who are an early-rising people, that the last Sacraments were being conveyed to the royal sufferer. For several hours before his death the great salon of the *Residenz* was crowded by a dense throng of citizens of all classes and both sexes, many of them in tears, anxiously awaiting the successive messages which issued at brief intervals from the adjoining bedchamber, and "*Keine Hoffnung mehr*" was repeated from lip to lip, as the end drew near, in tones of unmistakable grief. And this recognition of the King's sterling qualities was the more remarkable, because he was not a man of brilliant or popular gifts. But it was generally felt and acknowledged that during the sixteen years he had filled the throne since the abdication of Louis I. he had loyally discharged his trust, and honestly devoted himself to the best of his power to the welfare of his people.

And here a word may be said on the eccentricities of his father, whom he superseded in 1848, and who survived him by four years. Old King Louis still lived at Munich, in the Wittelsbach Palace—whence Lola Montez used to call him *Herr Wittelsbach*—though he usually spent part of the year in travelling, and continued to manifest abundant signs of that oddness, never exactly amounting to insanity, which was reproduced in an exaggerated form in both his grandsons. He was fond of walking about in Munich, conversing with everybody he met, especially with pretty shopgirls—who were of course eager enough to attract his Majesty's notice—and as he had grown very deaf the conversation could not be carried on *sotto voce*, even had he so desired. One of his favourite questions to any chance comer was, "Which do you like best, the *Ludwigstrasse* (which he had built himself) or the *Maximilianstrasse* (named from his son)? A courtly interlocutor would of course say the *Ludwigstrasse*, but those who were scrupulous about veracity—and his Majesty always said he wished to know the truth—could hardly help avowing their preference for the *Maximilianstrasse*. "Then," was the prompt reply, uttered in no low or faltering tones, "you are an ass." On one occasion, during the interval between the parts of a concert at the Odéon, his Majesty, *more suo*, pounced on a pretty shopgirl with his usual opening query in such cases—"Are you married or not?" She answered "No" (*nein*); but the King thought she had said yes, and proceeded at once to his regular second query, "How many children have you?" It need hardly be said that there was a dead silence, and everybody in the room was listening. The young woman, blushing to the roots of her hair, again repeated in a louder voice "*Nein*," but the King, who still supposed her to be married, not unnaturally took her *nein* for "*Neun*" (nine), and exclaimed, while the whole

assemblage was convulsed with laughter, "*Zu viel, zu viel*" (Too many), so the poor girl paid dearly that time for her success in drawing on herself the gaze of royalty. King Louis was liberal with his money, whether for artistic or religious objects, but he remained to the last, what he always had been, indolent and selfish, and was neither liked nor respected, though a certain interest was felt in him as a kind of chartered buffoon of the first rank. He professed ultramontane proclivities—partly perhaps because Dr. Dollinger and his friends had made a resolute stand against the Lola Montez scandal—but King Max always favoured the Liberal Catholics, as—to do him justice—did his unfortunate son, so far as he concerned himself at all with public affairs. He took that line very decidedly at the time of the Vatican Council. It may be hoped that in this respect Prince Luitpold, the new Regent, will follow the same policy, and not, as seems to be feared in some quarters, play into the hands of the reactionary clique. The danger of his doing so would indeed have been much greater under the last pontificate, for Leo XIII. is not likely to give any encouragement to such an enterprise. But the six Bavarian Sees are in the gift of the Crown, subject only to a canonical veto of the Pope, which however was used with unscrupulous pertinacity by Pius IX. for the exclusion of all nominees unfriendly to the designs of the Jesuit party, such as the late Abbot Haneberg, who was twice vetoed; but after his reluctant submission, under strong pressure, to the Vatican decrees, which he had originally joined with Dollinger in repudiating, Haneberg was—at Dollinger's suggestion—named for the bishopric of Spiers by King Louis, and this time Rome was only too glad to honour a distinguished renegade who had, albeit at the eleventh hour, purged his contumacy by what no one who knew him believed to be more than an external acquiescence in her novel claims.

When the sudden death of his father called Louis II. to the throne at the early age of eighteen, there was everything to conciliate for the youthful sovereign feelings of warm and loyal sympathy. His tall and graceful figure, of boyish but strikingly handsome appearance—as may still be seen in the contemporary photographs, very different indeed from the ghastly caricature published in an evening paper a day or two ago—combined an air of quiet dignity with something of the passion of a poet's dreamy eye, which could not fail at least to render him an object interesting to all beholders, as he walked with his younger brother Otto—then quite a lad, and not yet betraying any indications of his coming malady—in the funeral procession. And his face retained much of its original character to the last, though a growing tendency to obesity had for many years spoilt his symmetry of form. Nor did anything occur during the first few years to suggest any graver suspicion than of a certain flightiness, as people called it, in the young monarch. But it was not very long before flightiness deepened into an eccentricity, surpassing even what the vagaries of the first King Louis had accustomed his subjects to tolerate, and which to some already presented the appearance of incipient madness; it seems that there is still a diversity of opinion among his medical attendants as to whether madness or eccentricity is the fittest designation of the ailment which has led to such fatal results. Within the first few years of his reign he had formed and broken two engagements, and it began to be whispered that he was a misogynist and was resolved never to marry; that was true enough, but that there was any real ground for crediting the sinister rumours about his morale growing out of these circumstances, which the ultramontane party, who detested him, at one time did their best to make capital out of, we are not aware. But his eccentricities soon became both grotesque and inconvenient. For a long time past he has refused to live in Munich at all, but at first he occupied the upper part of the *Residenz-Schloss*, the one below being assigned to the Queen Mother—who still survives—a Prussian princess, who became a Catholic after her husband's death, and is much liked and respected in Bavaria. King Louis had constructed, among other fads, an artificial waterfall in his own domain, and one day the Queen and her ladies were startled by the sudden descent of a cold shower bath on their heads, the apparatus upstairs having got out of order. On another occasion the King could be found nowhere, when his signature was required for important State papers, and the story current at Munich was that after some days' search his Majesty was discovered cruising about on the *Königsee*—the finest of the Bavarian lakes, on the shore of which there is a royal shooting-box—with his favourite, Wagner, in a boat drawn by swans. He very early withdrew himself from public sight altogether, and would have Wagner's operas performed for his own solitary delectation at the Munich theatre at midnight, no other spectator being admitted. These are but a few special illustrations of an eccentricity which in course of time became at once more marked and a cause of greater embarrassment to all concerned, since it took the shape, on the one hand, of not only ignoring but peremptorily refusing to discharge the simplest and most elementary duties of his high office, and, on the other hand, of wasting large sums of money on crotchets which may be least invidiously characterized as perfectly useless. It is often difficult to draw a sharp line between oddness and lunacy, especially when eccentricity is relieved by a touch of genius, and it is quite conceivable that Louis II. might have attained eminence as a poet or a musician, if an uncongenial destiny had not weighted him with a crown.

His world it was ideal, and did well
Befit a dreamer's couch or hermit's cell.

But the publicity and formalism of court life were simply intoler-

able to him, and the determination to shirk it at all costs and in spite of all opposition by degrees goaded him into a morbid passion for solitude. He was not devoid of generous instincts or incapable of warm affections, and was certainly a more lovable character, if still less amenable to reason, than the selfish voluptuary from whom he seems to have inherited in some measure, though with a difference, both his tastes and his weaknesses. Louis I. has left a visible monument of himself in the city he so elaborately adorned, but was probably not followed by a single honest regret in his abdication or in his death twenty years afterwards. Louis II. has left no abiding memorial of himself, but it is not difficult to believe in the sincerity of the "passionate weeping and sighs" reported to be very generally exhibited by the crowds who thronged the mortuary chapel where his body during this week has reposed in state to await the last solemn rites of sepulture. There is no record against him of personal injury or unkindness, except in the last deadly struggle for which he cannot be held morally responsible.

SHORT PARLIAMENTS AND SWIFT DISSOLUTIONS.

HISTORY, when it lays aside its dignity, has a happy gift in nicknames; and British history has not even spared that glory of the world and envy of surrounding nations—the British Parliament. The Parliament of Dunces, the Parliament of Devils, the Mad Parliament, the Addle Parliament, the Barebones Parliament, are a few of the affectionate names by which the British nation has recognized the services and character of various Houses of Commons. What name will be given to the Parliament which still lingers, though under sentence that it "and all which it inherit shall dissolve," it is impossible to foresee. Perhaps it may be known as the Fainant or Do Nothing Parliament. It has been less productive than the Addle Parliament, for although that Parliament passed few or no measures, it did succeed in producing an abstract resolution against benevolences, while the present Parliament has refused to pass such a resolution disguised in the form of a complicated Bill. Perhaps it may find its eponymous hero, its Barebones, in Mr. Jesse Collings, who was privileged to play a great part in it, though its political existence survived his. The advocates of the Union may call it the Patriotic Parliament. It certainly will not compete for the designation of the Long Parliament; and for that of the Short Parliament it has several rivals. It met on the 21st of January. It is doomed to die on the 24th or 25th of the present month. It is, therefore, unless our arithmetic is at fault, destined to have an existence of 154 days. "Died on the 25th of June, aged five months and four days," might be the epitaph of the infant Parliament. The Parliament of 1886 is the shortest Parliament since the Reform Act of 1832. It is, with one exception, the shortest Parliament of the last hundred years. The Parliament which met on December 15th, 1806, was dissolved on the 29th of December, 1807, after an existence of four months and fourteen days. That which met on the 26th of October, 1830, was dissolved on the 22nd of April, 1831, having lasted five months and twenty-seven days.

The previous Parliaments which have been elected immediately after the coming into effect of a large reconstruction of the constituent body have been of much longer duration than that which was chosen under the Franchise and Redistribution Acts of 1885. The Parliament which was chosen after the Reform Act of 1832 had an existence of nearly two years, and was then dissolved, not because any difficulty had arisen between the House of Commons and the Ministry, but because William IV. disapproved of the conduct of Earl Spencer in dying, and in thus elevating Lord Althorp to the peerage, and removing him from the leadership of the House of Commons. The negotiations which took place then seem to belong to a period remoter in constitutional history from the present system than they are in time from the present year. Now nothing less than the death or retirement of the Prime Minister would bring a Ministry possessing the confidence of the House of Commons to a close, and in this case a Ministry constitutionally new would in practice be simply a continuation of the old one. Thus Lord Russell succeeded Lord Palmerston in 1865, and Mr. Disraeli succeeded Lord Derby in 1868. The right of the sovereign to choose directly, and unprompted by officious advice, the First Minister of the Crown has never been disputed; and, although the First Minister is responsible for and usually has entire freedom in the nomination of his colleagues, strong personal preferences on the part of the monarch and strong personal objections would, no doubt, be deferred to in the distribution of particular offices. In such a case as that which occurred on Lord Althorp's retirement, the pleasure of the sovereign would of course be taken as to the appointment to the office to be vacated. Lord Althorp, however, was not only Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was also Ministerial leader in the House of Commons. Lord Melbourne went down to Windsor to take His Majesty's pleasure as to the Liberal leadership. On the principle on which the Roman Catholic clergy of a vacant diocese submit three names to the Pope for a vacant bishopric, *dignus, dignior, dignissimus*, Lord Melbourne laid before the King the three names of Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. Abercrombie, and Lord John Russell. The King would have none of them. Lord John Russell appears alone to have been seriously in question. The King objected to that revolutionary politician, and especially to his "destructive opinions with regard to the Estab-

ishment," thinking him, as Greville says, "a dangerous little Radical." The King gave other grounds than those which involved merely political disapproval in an elaborate memorandum drawn up by himself. "His Majesty," he writes of himself, describing his conversation with Lord Melbourne, "objected strongly to Lord John Russell; he stated without reserve his opinion that he had not the abilities nor the influence which qualified him for the task, and observed that he would make a wretched figure when opposed by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Stanley." Lord John took this proscription of himself with characteristic coolness, and curiously enough mentions the names of the two statesmen with whom the King had pronounced him incompetent to cope. "I suppose," he wrote to Lord Althorp (just become Lord Spencer), "everything is for the best in this world, otherwise the only good I should see in this event would be that it saves me from being sadly pumelled by Peel and Stanley, to say nothing of O'Connell." The idea of the sovereign choosing or forbidding the choice of the leader of either party in the House of Commons, and dismissing a Ministry and dissolving a Parliament because he held an unfavourable estimate of the talent for debate and management of a particular statesman, is now scarcely conceivable. This claim shortened the natural duration of the first reformed Parliament, and a dissolution took place in order, if possible, that a Conservative House of Commons might be fitted to a Conservative Ministry. Now the Prime Minister chooses his leader in the other House, and the two parties, when they are out of office, choose theirs in conclave—literally conclave, for it is with closed doors—at the Carlton or the Reform. The other Parliament elected, after changes in the representative system, that of 1868, lasted as many years as the still lingering Parliament has lasted months.

The first House of Commons elected under something wider than household suffrage, and by constituencies approaching to numerical equality, will have had, when "the near day of extinction comes," an existence of little more than five months. In that time it has defeated two Ministries, bringing about the resignation of one Government, and its own dissolution. An appeal is to be made against it to the electoral body from which it but recently proceeded. These things are a remarkable series of political phenomena. Not less remarkable is the division of the Liberal party into three sections, under the leadership of three chiefs—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain. According to some observers, we are likely to enter upon a period of short Parliaments, and of government by political groups, but faintly acknowledging the ties of party, and combining, separating, and recombining, under powerful personal leadership for personal ends. The English House of Commons is, however, steadied by the preponderance in it of private members, who have no desire to be anything else than private members. In France the Minister's portfolio is more within the reach of every deputy and senator than the field-marshal's bâton of the private soldier. It is feared, from the recent split of the Liberal party into sections, that groups of political adventurers, each considering that it has its claim to a turn of office, may arise, and make politics the career of political knights of industry. That this danger exists cannot be denied. But the history of the dying Parliament is rather reassuring than otherwise. The Liberal leaders who have refused to join, or who, having joined, have quitted, Mr. Gladstone's Government, and the less conspicuous members of the Liberal party who have followed them in their opposition to the Home Rule Bill, have not fallen below, but have risen above, the ordinary and respectable level of political morality. They have not sacrificed their party to faction or to personal ambition; but they have declined to sacrifice their individual convictions and what they believe to be the interests of their country to party claims, and to the ascendancy of a leader powerful beyond example in the House of Commons and among the voting classes. Inconvenient and troublesome as the dissolution in many ways is, it is urgent that the decision of the country should be promptly given on the momentous issue which alone will engage it. There are many grounds for misgiving with regard to the type, character, and the political doctrines likely to be prevalent under the new system. But the present Parliament has shown, as candid supporters of Mr. Gladstone themselves admit, proof of integrity and fidelity to conviction, on the part of members subject to severe pressure from Whips within and from Caucuses without, which is of good omen for the future.

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. THE WEST INDIES.

THE West Indian Court has many points of difference from the other Colonial Courts of the Exhibition. As a natural consequence of their extent and climate, the larger colonies busy themselves largely with reproducing the wares of the mother-country, and so in the Courts of Canada, the Australias, and New Zealand our eyes are greeted with the familiar objects of biscuits, woollen materials, furniture, nails, agricultural implements, and the like. In the West Indian Court the sugar-cane takes the place of the cereals in the others, and the less known products of the tropics combine to give a new and striking effect. There is an atmosphere of calm, too, which is not less agreeable; no whirling of contiguous machinery, no clanging of the colonial piano; only the patter of a fountain in the Picture Gallery, which is placed in the centre of the court, and which forms one of the pleasantest

lounges of the Exhibition. All this is as it should be, and our only regret is that where so much is beautiful and harmonious a further effort has not been made to heighten tropical effects. It would have been immensely attractive and instructive if some combination could have been made with Kew Gardens, and living tropical plants and trees introduced, so that we might have studied together in full perfection both the productions and the plants which produce them. There is, it is true, a pleasing amount of greenery in the stands of ferns and plants at the base of the columns of the main avenue, and a few are sprinkled over the courts themselves; but these bear the same proportion to the splendid luxuriance of the tropics as an ordinary reed bears to a big bamboo. Passing by, however, with a sigh what might have been, we are delighted to recognize that even as it stands it is an extremely pretty court, and we congratulate the Commissioner, Mr. Adderley, on uniting such a mass of interesting exhibits under one roof, with such varied and yet harmonious effect.

Another great difference is also at once apparent on the surface; we mean the historical one. Canada of course may claim her share in the fame of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci, though probably her own discovery was directly due to Sebastian Cabot; but it is, after all, to her progress and growth in quite recent times that Canadians would point with the greatest pride, while Australia and New Zealand take pains in their pictures, in their maps, and in their scenic arrangements to represent in how short a time they have climbed to wealth and prosperity; in fact, they pride themselves on being modern. The West Indies, on the contrary, are never tired of showing that their early history touches a respectable antiquity, that they have been prized and fought for by the nations of Europe, and that some of England's best blood has been shed in their defence. On the walls of the central part of the court are hung the portraits of various kings and queens with whom the fortunes of the islands have been more or less involved, and on a screen is placed a series of very interesting prints of the chief actors of the early part of the sixteenth century. This collection pleasantly recalls to our memory that, besides the personages actually or politically concerned in their discovery, the names of these islands, with new-born conjectures as to their wealth and future, must have been in the mouths of Leonardo, Michael-Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Holbein, of Luther and Melancthon, of Peter Martyr and Gaston de Foix, of Copernicus, of Catherine de Medicis and Solymán the Magnificent. But the kindness and liberality of Pope Leo XIII. has enabled us to study something even more interesting. In response to a request from Mr. Adderley, he has sent from the College of the Propaganda the celebrated chart known as the Second Borgian Map. This is of considerable size, being drawn on vellum by Diego Ribera, and completed in 1529, though begun in the first years of the sixteenth century. It bears on its face an inscription in Spanish stating that it shows the division of the world into two parts, as agreed to by the Catholic Kings of Spain and Don John of Portugal, in the year 1494, at the instance of Alexander VI. The line drawn by the Pope is here repeated; and, though it would have been interesting to have seen the original document, still as a map it is much less complete, being made only two years after the discoveries of Columbus. The present contains a vast amount of names, beautifully written in black, red, blue, and gold; and it is remarkable with what accuracy the outlines of the New World are defined; much more so, in fact, than the continent of India or other longer-known regions. It is stated that upon the basis of this map Pope Leo lately decided the question of the Caroline Islands.

A very interesting array of prehistoric deities and ornaments in gold and bronze has been lent to this court by Mr. W. C. Borlase, M.P.; but as they have been found in Central America or Mexico, for the most part dredged up from lakes, it is difficult to see how, strictly speaking, they come to form part of a Colonial Exhibition. In glass cases near by are two very fine collections of Carib implements, consisting of knives and chisels made from the conch shell, and axe-heads, generally of stone. Those of shell were probably attached to a handle and used as a hoe for the cultivation of maize; while those of hard stone most likely served as hatchets and axes, both for felling trees and as weapons of war. Outside the West Indies, it is remarked by Mr. Im Thurn, they are very rare, though one of very similar form is to be seen in the New South Wales Court of the Exhibition; and both in form and material they strongly resemble the implements of the Celts and Scandinavians. It is usually supposed that the Caribs led a nomadic predatory life, passing from island to island by means of canoes; but the fact that "these implements are very common in Barbados, while a very few are found in Nevis, Domenica, some of the Grenadines, and Antigua," goes far to show that Barbados was then, as now, the most thickly populated of the West Indian group. That a lady should have been only two years in the tropics and should yet have painted almost every flower and plant in them would be an industrious achievement, if there were nothing else to be said; but Mrs. Blake, the wife of the Governor of the Bahamas, has done far more than this—she has reproduced them with a fidelity and artistic excellence which even Miss North could hardly have surpassed. Barbados is largely indebted to Miss Mary Tothill for showing that this island is gifted with beauty of scenery and tropical vegetation far greater than it is generally credited with; while she shows, at the same time, characteristic types of its inhabitants.

RACING AT ASCOT.

THE first day of the late Ascot meeting was remarkable for brilliant finishes. There was a remarkably fine race for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, ending in a dead-heat, and the deciding heat was won by a neck only; but besides these there were five other splendid races, three of which were won by a head only. Of the seven races that were run during the afternoon, there was only one that did not produce a fine finish.

Periosteum had been in such form this season that he was a slightly better favourite than Toastmaster for the Trial Stakes, although the difference in their favouritism was scarcely more than nominal. The race was a very close thing, Archer winning with old Toastmaster by a neck. There was an even finer race between the first and second favourites for the Maiden Plate, which followed, when Phil won by a head. Watts rode him under difficulties, as his saddle slipped back; but the colt ran well, and he is nicely shaped and muscular, except, perhaps, in his flanks, which were a little too light to please all critics. The Ascot Stakes produced a remarkably fine race, considering the length of the course—about two miles. Belinda won by half a length from Sir Kenneth, who beat St. Michael by a neck. The winner had not won a race since she took the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster in 1884. She was but seventh favourite, and her victory was not a very glorious one, as she was receiving nearly 2 st. from Sir Kenneth and meeting St. Michael at an almost equal advantage at weight-for-age. It was generally understood that Sir Kenneth was shut in towards the latter part of the race, otherwise he would probably have won the race for Lord Hartington. For the Gold Vase Bird of Freedom, ridden by Archer, and Middlethorpe, ridden by Cannon, ran within a head of each other. The betting against each had been the same; but Ducat had been the first favourite, at fractionally shorter odds. The very promising two-year-old, Woodland, ran badly for the Biennial of 800*l.*, which was very easily won by Lord Zetland's Panzerschiff, a strong and forward colt by Wenlock, that had won his only other race—the Eglinton Stakes at York. Even the long course of nearly three miles for the Thirty-second Triennial produced a finish which was contested within a few inches. Red Ruin beat Golden Ray by a head, and both horses were terribly wearied out when they came in. Candlemas was the favourite for the Prince of Wales's Stakes; but he was beaten a quarter of a mile from home, and the race lay between Button Park, the Morgiana colt (a reputed roarer, who started at 20 to 1), and Riversdale. Button Park caught the Morgiana colt in the last stride and made a dead-heat of it, while Riversdale was only half a length behind them. In the deciding heat the Morgiana colt swerved when Lashmar raised his whip in the straight; and, after a close race, Button Park won by a neck. There can be no doubt that the winner has improved lately; but it must not be forgotten that he was meeting Candlemas on far better terms than at Epsom.

Saraband had no difficulty in winning the Biennial on the Wednesday, although opposed by Godolphin, who had cost 3,000 guineas as a yearling at Lord Falmouth's sale and had never earned a shilling in return for it. Later in the afternoon, however, Saraband was easily beaten in the Ascot Derby by St. Mirin at 8 lbs. St. Mirin, it will be remembered, ran third for both the Derby and the Grand Prize at Epsom. Candlemas, who had beaten St. Mirin by four lengths for the Epsom Grand Prize, was now unplaced, when giving him 7 lbs. The Ascot Derby was worth 1,400*l.*; but this sum was the first repayment that St. Mirin had made towards the 2,100 guineas which he cost two years ago. The victory of Devilshoof in the Triennial added to the glory of Panzerschiff, as Devilshoof had been unplaced to him in the Biennial, twenty-four hours earlier; but it was rather odd that Isosceles, who had been third for the latter race, was now only third to Devilshoof. Devilshoof is a big colt by Balfe out of Meteor, a mare nineteen years old, and he may improve greatly with time, like many two-year-olds on a large scale. In the next race, Argo Navis, who by the way is also out of Meteor, and had run second to Miss Jummy for both the One Thousand and the Oaks, made some amends to her owner, Prince Soltykoff, by winning the Coronation Stakes of 2,450*l.*; and it would have been very remarkable if she had failed to do so, as she was receiving 7 lbs. from both Braw Lass and Cataract, two fillies whom she had beaten in the Oaks at even weights. Backers got off very lightly in finding the ring content to take 9 to 4 on Radius for the Queen's Plate, for his only opponent was Ducat, who had been four lengths behind Bird of Freedom on the previous day, and Bird of Freedom had been beaten six lengths by Radius at Epsom. We have often had occasion to allude to the vagaries of Despair, one of the best formed and fastest horses in training, but the brute never distinguished himself more than when he won the Royal Hunt Cup, after starting at 25 to 1. He behaved infamously in the paddock; he was almost unmanageable on the way to the start; he showed a great deal of temper at the starting-post; he tried to "cut it" at the road; he bored so much against Le Caissier that an objection was lodged against him, yet he won the race by a neck, and the objection was overruled. Really, the jockey who rode him deserved to be crowned with laurel leaves, and the horse deserved to be shot.

Thursday morning was miserably wet until the racing began, when the rain ceased, leaving the course and lawns in a deplorable state of mud. The Duke of Westminster's Whitefriar, at that time one of the leading favourites for the great Eclipse Stakes,

ran, for the second time in his life, for the All-Aged Stakes, which he won in a common canter from Jacobite. He alarmed his backers by cutting capers at the starting-post, and some critics considered his forelegs rather straight, while others thought him somewhat wanting in muscular power behind. The St. James's Palace Stakes of 1,500*l.* was a mere exercise canter for Ormonde, and those who wished to back him had to lay 33 to 1 on him. Only three horses ran for the Cup, and 11 to 10 was laid on Bird of Freedom. A quarter of a mile from the winning post Cannon took the lead with Althorp from an Austrian horse called Buzzo, that had been making the running. Then Archer tried to make his rush with the favourite, but it was to no purpose, and Althorp won the race for Baron de Hirsch by a couple of lengths. The winner is a regular Ascot hero, as he won the Ascot Stakes and Queen's Plate a year ago. On the strength of the reports of a private trial, in which Melton was said to have beaten St. Gatien, the last-named horse was not quite so good a favourite for the Rous Memorial Stakes of 950*l.* as King Monmouth. He won the race, but only by a head from St. Michael, who was meeting him at a 4 lbs. advantage beyond weight-for-age. The New Stakes of 1,250*l.* brought out some two-year-olds that had never run in public before. One of these was the first favourite, the Duke of Westminster's Freedom, a chestnut filly by Bend Or, who, it was said, had not been feeding well since her arrival at Ascot, and another was the winner, Mr. D. Baird's Enterprise, a fine, powerful chestnut colt by Sterling out of a King Tom mare, who won easily by a length and a half from Freshwater, the winner of the Stanley Stakes at Epsom. He cost 2,000 guineas last year, so the 1,250*l.* he now won was not enough to put him in credit yet. The Twenty-fourth New Biennial was won by Glenstrae, a rather backward but well-shaped colt, who beat Prudence at weight-for-age. Here was yet another tribute to the honour of Panzerschiff, as that colt had beaten Glenstrae by three lengths on the Tuesday. St. Mirin won the last race of the day, the Twenty-third New Biennial, beating Campbell and Radius.

Fortunately the last day was very fine, and it may be said that during the actual racing throughout the week there was no rain to speak of. The Thirty-third Triennial should have been won by Gay Hermit, on his two-year-old form, but Mephisto galloped in many lengths in front of him, and excuses were made for him on the ground that his work had been stopped by a corn, with what reason we are not in a position to say. The largest field of the meeting (nineteen) ran for the Wokingham Stakes, which was won by the third favourite, "Mr. Manton's" Loved One, a three-year-old filly that had not run in public before this season, but had beaten Mephisto last year at even weights. The Hardwicke Stakes, in which the winners of the last two Derbys were to meet, was one of the most interesting races of the meeting. Early in the week one was backed against the other at about evens, but when they were stripped for the race more than 3 to 1 was laid on Ormonde, who looked the most muscular and moved best of the pair. G. Barrett brought the favourite out at the distance, from which point he had it all his own way, and won in a canter by a couple of lengths. This brought up Ormonde's winnings for the Duke of Westminster to over 15,000*l.* Ascot is infamous for the defeat of hot favourites; yet, although a good many had been beaten during the late meeting, things had, on the whole, gone somewhat more smoothly than usual for backers until the last day was more than half over. There were, however, three more races to be run. For the Windsor Castle Stakes even money was laid on Bessie, who had already won five races; but the race was won by Lord Ellesmere's Grandison, an own brother to Belinda, the winner of the Ascot Stakes. He had scarcely been backed at all, and as much as 20 to 1 had been offered against him. The next race was the Alexandra Plate of 1,000*l.*, and according to "the Book" this was a certainty for Althorp, for he had beaten Bird of Freedom by two lengths on the Thursday, and Bird of Freedom had beaten Blue Grass by more than four lengths on the Tuesday, so even an infant-school child could not have failed to see that Althorp was bound to beat Blue Grass, and 9 to 2 was now laid upon him for the Alexandra Plate. The layers of these odds had no cause to complain of the want of a sensation when they saw Blue Grass canter in more than a hundred yards in front of Althorp, in defiance of public form. There was but one more race, the Queen's Stand Plate, and as Whitefriar, who had won the All Aged Stakes so easily over the same course on the previous day, was to run for it, 2 to 1 was freely laid on him. Instead of winning, he was absolutely the last horse in the race, which was won by Financier, a two-year-old by The Miser, who was the first away at the start, was never headed, and won in a canter by four lengths. The last three races at the Ascot Meeting of 1886 will not soon be forgotten by backers.

The Ascot Meeting seemed to show that the three-year-olds of the year are exceptionally good. Ormonde's easy victory over Melton in the Hardwicke Stakes was a great performance; while even Le Caissier's close race with Despair for the Hunt Cup, St. Michael's excellent third for the Ascot Stakes, his close race with St. Gatien for the Rous Memorial, and Loved One's run-away victory for the Wokingham Stakes were all more or less to the honour and glory of the three-year-olds, especially as some of these were considered far below first-class form. More than 14,000*l.* was given to be run for, in addition to the stakes, and the most fortunate winners during the week were the Duke of Westminster, Prince Soltykoff, and "Mr. Manton," who each won three races, while Lord Zetland, Lord Ellesmere, and Mr.

D. Baird each won two. Archer and G. Barrett were the most successful jockeys at the meeting. Lastly, we may observe that the arrangements of the London and South-Western Railway were pretty generally acknowledged to be greatly improved.

THE CALDECOTT SALE.

ALL London has suddenly awaked to the fact that Randolph Caldecott was not only an incomparable humourist, an illustrator fertile in invention, but, above all, an artist gifted with an intuition amounting to genius, a poet whose quaint imaginings had a pathos all their own, attained and attainable only in virtue of the deepest and truest sympathy with humanity. The discovery of his real worth had long since been made by all really interested in art, both in his own country and especially in France, where he has from the first been taken *au sérieux*. But, for all that, the outside circle of admirers had scarcely learnt to consider the court-painter of the child-world, the ingenious commentator of the texts of the nursery, as one of England's most original artistic personalities, as one whose celebrity was not destined to be only an ephemeral fashion, but to last as long as a delicate and original fancy, a humour compounded in equal parts of keen observation, free-babbling, unaffected mirth, and an all-embracing tenderness should meet with their just meed of appreciation. The collection of Caldecott's works seen last week at Christie's was a very complete and varied one, recalling by the appearance of a great number of the original drawings the series of well-known successes which followed so rapidly one upon the other during the ten years which practically comprised the whole of his too short career, and also revealing his delicate talent under other and less known aspects. A painful impression was created by the appearance in the sale-room of certain mementoes of the deceased artist, in themselves of small intrinsic value, but which should yet, it might have been supposed, have been very precious to those whom he left behind him. The objects so curiously catalogued as "A capital lay figure: on stand," and "A mahogany easel," and so carelessly left to take their chance in the auction-room, should never have been exposed to the indifferent gaze or offered for the competition of a public of strangers. The sketches in oils, few of which had been seen before, were the greatest novelty of the sale. It would be idle to contend that they exhibited the painter as fully accomplished in this branch, or as a complete master of its technique. His art appears throughout in a more or less tentative stage; but through the hesitations and experiments of the execution is apparent the ardent curiosity of the true questioner of nature and occasionally the temperament of the true colourist. Remarkable among many studies are two decorative panels, "A Flight of Redwings" and "A Covey of Partridges," in which, though perhaps not all that was possible has been obtained for the purposes of pure decoration from the forms and grouping of the birds, their distinctive character and their sweeping onward motion through the air are suggested with remarkable felicity. Best of all is a sketch, "Belgian Hares and Toby," catalogued as a water-colour, but which is really executed in oils on brown paper. This little group is painted with surprising skill, all the essentials of form, life, and motion being obtained with the slightest possible expenditure of labour. Rarely, indeed, have the peculiar individuality, the distinctive movement of animals, been brought out with more consummate art, or with a more genuine sympathy—a sympathy not expressed this time by the attempt to confer upon them pseudo-human attributes, a mode of expression legitimate enough in caricature, but in serious art both false and perilous—but evincing itself in fineness and unerring truth of observation. Least successful, to our taste, are the larger and more finished water-colours, dealing chiefly with hunting subjects, and already known to the public as having appeared at the exhibitions of the Institute of Water Colours. Here Caldecott approached somewhat too nearly to that appalling class of production, the sporting, or, rather, the sportsman's picture, and in so doing lost much of his verve and distinctiveness, and even, in a measure, his incomparable power of expressing swift motion; the pictures bear the impress of having been painted to order, of being less the spontaneous outcome of the painter's naive and vigorous imagination than the product of the suggestions of others. Yet, even here, many a sly touch of humour reveals the true Caldecott, and the delicacy with which the sober winter landscapes, half wrapped in their veil of impalpable mist, are treated, would in itself suffice to redeem the drawings from the charge of mediocrity. The few essays in sculpture exhibited are by no means wanting in interest; they prove more especially that the artist, though not yet thoroughly master of his material, had a delicate sense of the expressiveness of low relief. Most successful among the more or less tentative performances in this style are a "Horse Fair in Brittany," and a classical subject, "The Boar Hunt," in which the singularly animated rendering of the beasts renders more noticeable the somewhat conventional treatment of the nude male figures. The small relief entitled "A Hunting Scene" cannot surely have been coloured by, or even in accordance with, the design of the artist; for the tinting, unlike his own, is coarse and hot, while the attempt to combine painting proper in the flat surfaces with the modelling and colouring of the parts in the relief is quite unsuccessful. But, after all, the true Caldecott, he whom we so well know and cherish, is the incomparable illustrator of those excerpts from

the Irving *Sketch-Book*, *Old Christmas*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, of the delicious *Picture Books*, the *Graphic*, and last, but by no means least, of the late Juliana Horatia Ewing's tender and beautiful *Jackanapes*, *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*, and *Lob-lie-by-the-Fire*. The finished drawings for very many of the most popular pages of these works appeared at Christie's, and were greeted with all the enthusiasm which they so well deserved as old favourites. Exquisite these are, no doubt, in fancy and precision of execution; but, being for the most part carefully prepared for the engraver, they do not always contain the whole Caldecott, as he is revealed to us in the smaller sketches, in which the hand, as well as the fancy, had full play. In the latter are realized with a conciseness and power of synthesis almost rivaling that of the Japanese, though with a very different method, form in its essentials, expression, and, above all, impetuosity of movement in every phase and variety; while the gifted draughtsman has in them especially displayed a quite peculiar and exquisite gift for recalling with a few strokes the distinctive character and emotional influence of landscape. As might have been expected, it is more particularly the sketches of this last class which reveal a finesse and suggestiveness of which a part only, though a large one, reappears in the excellent reproductions through which they have become familiar to us. This superior delicacy of the original drawings is especially evident in *Lob-lie-by-the-Fire* and the other books of the same set, in the unpretending illustrations to which the artist shows with less reserve than elsewhere his true simplicity and wealth of tenderness—qualities so delicately in harmony with the peculiar pathos, tearful, yet full of hope, which distinguishes the little books themselves. These attributes, indeed, though necessarily less *en évidence*, are no less distinctive marks of his talent than the rich comic vein, unalloyed by cynicism, the genial sense of caricature, which are the more salient characteristics of his better-known works. Not that we would be unfaithful to the *Picture Books*; to the irresistible verve, to the tremendous go of *John Gilpin*; to the well-nigh tragic pathos which pierces through the outer envelope of fun and caricature in the *Mad Dog*; to the idyllic beauty of some of the later numbers; to the delightful fancies which Caldecott has embroidered on the old rhyme, *A frog he would a-wooing go*—of which last set, by the way, but few drawings were in the sale. In *Madam Blaize*, one of the very last books issued, new vistas are opened to us; the frank caricaturist, the dreamer of idylls, appears as a satirist—not, indeed, fierce, cynical, and unrelenting, but delicate, penetrating, and full of compassion for the frailties he unveils. It has, perhaps, not been sufficiently noticed that the poet-draughtsman, seizing upon certain hints, and reading between Goldsmith's lines, has here presented us with a satire in half-tones of pompous public charity, of pharisaical piety and coldness of heart, requited during life with interested praise, and after death with the swift nemesis of neglect and oblivion. The final drawing, showing Madam Blaize borne to the grave with irreverent haste, unwept and uncared for, is of singular pathos. It need hardly be again recorded—for his works speak for themselves—that Caldecott was pre-eminent in suggesting the homelier and more natural sentiment which belongs to certain sides of the country life of the eighteenth century—an aspect of the manners of that time somewhat obscured to us by the hollow brilliancy, the artificial charm, which marked the town life of the same period. He loved, indeed, to depict the simpler and more primitive passions, the more generalized types of humanity, rather than to grapple with the complicated emotions of our own time, the perplexing and ever-shifting aspects of the life of the modern city. It is intuitively, perhaps, as much as from a deliberate desire to attain additional quaintness and charm of outward aspect for his designs, that the artist chose to enshrine his most delicate fancies in the setting of a bygone time. Yet, all the same, he studied his fellow-men closely and successfully, though he avoided squalor and misery, and gave prominence to the more joyous phases of existence—to sport, travels, and open-air scenes. His deep and unaffected tenderness did not reveal itself through the medium of a presentment of the miseries and terrors of human life such as men have, in a measure, fashioned it for themselves; but rather by means of a suggestion, under the veil of mirthful caricature, of the contrasts and mysteries which are inseparable from that life, as contemplated from a wider and less special point of view. In the series of modern caricatures, overflowing with genuine fun and humour of true British flavour, which includes "Flirtations in France," the Trouville Sketches, Mr. Oakball's "Winter in Florence," and the sea-side scenes, Caldecott is only second to his prototype in this peculiar style, John Leech. But he is second to him in this, the special branch of the elder artist, who, as a close and sympathetic observer of the aspects and interests, of the fashions and ways of every-day humanity, reproduced, as these are, by him, with a singular accuracy tempered by a Dickens-like geniality, has not been surpassed. Yet how fully does the more recent humourist establish his superiority over his famous predecessor on other grounds, in virtue of his *naïveté* and pathos, his infinitely wider scope, and that delicate sense of the expressiveness and emotional power of Nature, to which, as one of his special gifts, we have already more than once referred. Not the least interesting among the numerous albums of preliminary sketches brought forward at the sale were those containing many tentative designs for the drawings produced in illustration of Mr. Blackburne's *Breton Folk*. Here Caldecott displayed his usual aptitude, his usual intuition in seizing upon the peculiar aspects of Breton scenery; but, while revelling in the comic aspects of a foreign people, which the alien observer can so readily observe and

utilize, he does not penetrate beneath the crust of fun and caricature, to reach the foundations of essential truth and pathos, which are among the finest ingredients of humour. Thus he, the idyllic poet, *par excellence*, of English country life, has not to any marked degree been struck with the pathetic element in the Breton types and manners, which to others has often been so genuinely inspiring. And this is not to be wondered at, seeing that the greatest charm of Caldecott's art was his sympathetic power of rendering English types, English scenes, the faces, the atmosphere, the deeply-moving suggestions of home. Had he sought to be more cosmopolitan in his views and interests, or a more uncompromising recorder of the grim realities of existence, he would in all probability have been colder, less true to his intuition, less the humourist and poet he was, than the satirist and dissector he shrank from being. Such as he was, let us rejoice in the results of his too short career, and be thankful that he has by his work gladdened and touched many, has struck chords which have echoed responsive in many hearts, at a time when humour without cynicism, when mirth without bitterness, are rare; when the distinctiveness of affectation and mannerism threatens to usurp the place of that higher originality which is marked by true vision, true simplicity, and spontaneous feeling.

HERR RUBINSTEIN'S FAREWELL.

THE extraordinary and almost unprecedented success of the "cycle" of seven concerts given by Herr Rubinstein induced that great artist to give way to the prayers of his numerous admirers, and to grant a farewell recital before leaving England. In many ways this recital was the most interesting of the whole series. The music of the other concerts had been arranged in chronological order to show the developments of musical composition from the days of Bird in the seventeenth century down to the present time; and, though extremely interesting from an historical point of view, did not give an opportunity to the audience of admiring at any one concert the extraordinary versatility of Herr Rubinstein's genius as a player. There is a certain uniformity about the music of the various schools of composers, more particularly of those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which becomes very apparent when a whole afternoon is devoted to the illustration of any one school or period. Last Friday, however, the programme was eclectic. Beginning with Beethoven's "Overture d'Egmont," Herr Rubinstein then passed rapidly to Couperin and Rameau, Mozart and Handel (whose "Harmonious Blacksmith" under his fingers was born again), and after a marvellous rendering of Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 53, he began the second part of the concert with Schumann's "Études de Pédalier," and other of the same master's compositions, in one of which, "L'Oiseau Prophète," the agility of his playing was quite marvellous. Two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, the "Barcarolle" and "La Fileuse," were given, though not in the programme; the tender simplicity of the former and the spinning-wheel accompaniment of the latter were rendered most exquisitely. Chopin, that most capricious and difficult-to-express (if one may be allowed a Teutonism) of all composers, is evidently very near Herr Rubinstein's heart. His playing of some of the best known of Chopin's compositions—Nocturne, Scherzo, Valse, and Polonaise—was a revelation of what the music of the most murdered of masters could be under the fingers of a Rubinstein. The enthusiasm of the audience was hardly to be kept within bounds at the close of the Polonaise; but the applause was silenced when the first notes were heard of what was known to be the forerunner of the gem of the concert, Liszt's arrangements of Schubert's two songs, "Aus dem Wasser zu singen" and the "Erl-König." No words can really describe the beauty of these two songs—for songs, indeed, they remained under Herr Rubinstein's playing. As the greatest of great painters attain the highest apogee of their art when all memory of the means of production by paint and canvas is blotted out and forgotten, so does Herr Rubinstein make his audience forget all idea of piano, of strings, pedals, of all else except the glorious realms of music into which he transports them. In colder and saner moments one may remember the terrible technical difficulties of certain octave passages in Liszt's setting of the "Erl-König," and marvel at the fingers that overcame them; but at the time of playing one only knew that the wind was rushing in gusts through the alder bushes, almost drowning the cries of the terrified child. At none of the foregoing concerts did the great Russian master seem so absolutely carried away by the force and fire of his genius as on this last occasion. The last items of the concert were fitly devoted to a few of his own compositions, in which he seemed to have found pleasure in "piling Pelion upon Ossa" in the matter of difficulties to be overcome, at which the ordinary mortals of his audience could only be "afraid with much amazement." These compositions were remarkable for their width of range, from the exquisitely delicate plaintiveness of the "Romance" and the "Mélodie," to the wildly bacchanalian "Valse Caprice," which brought the concert to a close with the last notes we shall hear from Herr Rubinstein for many a day. It is said that he meditates a tour in the States; but even amongst the appreciative Americans it is doubtful whether he will receive a greater or more enthusiastic reception than the one he received from the closely-packed audience of St. James's Hall last Friday.

DENISE AT HER MAJESTY'S.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS *fil* would have made an extraordinarily fine dramatist had he cared to devote himself to the art of writing plays. This was doubtless his object when he transferred his novel *La Dame aux Camélias* to the stage, when he composed *Diane de Lys*, and, feeling that he could do better work, designed and polished *Le Demi-Monde*. The author of this play might have done anything that is most admirable in stage-writing; but M. Dumas fell a victim to a weakness which his father had perceived in him. "Alexandre has a fault which will ruin him if he does not correct himself in time," the greater Alexandre said of his son. "He is over-fond of preaching. His favourite book among the works of Balzac is the *Médecin de Campagne*—a magnificent work, it is true, but one in which theory takes the place of plot and philosophy of action." The words show the wonderful accuracy of the elder Dumas's judgment. He was evidently no less astute as a critic than as a novelist and dramatist; for during the last twenty years M. Alexandre Dumas *fil* has made play-writing subservient to preaching, and unfortunately he has not kept distinct the two very opposite avocations. He has preferred to regard himself primarily as a moral teacher, though the lessons he has sought to inculcate have not seldom been of the most contradictory character. Instead of devoting himself to the writing of dramatic works, he has shown the bent of his inclination—his fondness for preaching—by writing books, and pamphlets which have approached or grown to the dimensions of books, on various social questions in all of which the relation of men to women under various conditions has been his theme. Had he not put several of his pamphlets in the form of plays, the misdirected labour would have been less regrettable; but his mania for preaching has led him to use the stage as his pulpit, and it will scarcely be denied that some of his sermons are of very doubtful value. He is apt to take a special case, and endeavour to deduce a general theory from it; but circumstances alter cases. His keen wit, the brilliance of his dialogue, the force with which his cases are often urged by powerful or sympathetic exponents do much for the furtherance of his views; but very often they do not bear reflection, and are not convincing when calmly examined.

We have already commented on *Denise*, which has lately occupied the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the story need not be retold in detail. Denise is the daughter of excellent parents, the Brissots, who are befriended by the Comte André de Bardannes, and she herself is companion to André's sister Marthe. André loves her—a fact which he confides to Mme. de Thauzette, a woman of the world, formerly his mistress—and he would propose for Denise but that he has reason to suspect that she is not what she seems. He is sorely perplexed. He unburdens his soul to his friend Thouvenin.

Pourquoi, si elle a commis une faute, a-t-elle toutes les distinctions d'une grande dame et les apparences d'un ange? Où a-t-elle dérobé ce masque virginal dont elle couvre sa honte? Ce que je prenais pour de la pudeur n'est plus pour moi que la surveillance d'elle-même, la peur de se trahir! Si elle n'avait dans son passé que des souvenirs de malheurs respectables, maintenant qu'elle est assurée du présent et de l'avenir pour elle et les siens, elle devrait rire comme il convient à son âge; elle ne rit jamais. Pourquoi?

In truth, the fault has been committed. She has been the mistress of Mme. de Thauzette's unworthy son Fernand; a child, since dead, was born of the *liaison*; and the question is whether André should or should not marry a woman with such souvenirs. The neatness and finish of the dialogue of course go for much. As literature, the "*pièce*"—M. Dumas does not call it "*comédie*" or "*drame*," but "*pièce*" simply—is worthy of its author; but this is only one of the necessities. To ensure success there must be either characters to interest or incidents to excite; in *Denise* there is little that is new in the way of characterization, and till the confession which Denise makes to her new love in the third act there is little incident. The demand for novel characters does not signify that we would have every dramatist produce figures with peculiarities not hitherto exploited for stage purposes. To require this would be unreasonable; but at least we want our types freshly and forcibly drawn, and they are not so here. It is a weakness of the play, moreover, that it rests too exclusively for such success as it may chance to attain upon its representation. All depends upon the amount of sympathy which Denise can attract, and it is against her that Fernand de Thauzette is generally contemptible. He is vain, empty-headed, and dishonourable in other matters besides his relationship with women. Denise, her fall apart, is shown in the light of a high-minded, refined, noble-hearted girl; and there is here something to be reconciled that is by no means easy of reconciliation. Mme. Hading, who succeeds Mlle. Bartet, of the Comédie Française, as Denise, has much in her favour—a gentle voice, a sympathetic bearing, delicacy of expression, and refinement of manner. If there seems to be a lack of girlishness about her, it might be argued that the events she describes to André happened in the past, and remorse has affected her; but at the moment it is difficult to take such things into consideration. We do not desire to draw the marked distinctions that often are drawn between French and English audiences. There must surely be many of the better class of Frenchmen who will agree with Englishmen that it is not pleasant to hear a woman confessing her shame to the man who desires to marry her; but the confession is the strong part

of the whole play; the earlier scenes lead up to the episode, and very little that is effective follows. M. Damala has developed into a very sound artist. He had formerly his effective moments when stirred by emotions which he was able to express. He is now consistent in his treatment of a character; the effective displays grow from the part, instead of being added on to it. The inferiority of the company at Her Majesty's to that by which *Denise* was presented in Paris is, however, as a matter of course not to be disguised, though M. Noblet does cleverly what M. Coquelin does with finished art. It is curious to observe how the simplest actions in the hands of a master may be rendered forcible, and in the hands of a merely careful player may become meaningless. M. Got played Brissot in Paris. At the end of the third act he learns the truth of his daughter's crime. Fernand suddenly enters, having no suspicion that Brissot knows the truth. Restraining his fury, the father says, "Va dire à ta mère qu'elle a une heure pour venir me demander la main de ma fille. Si elle n'est pas venue dans une heure, n'importe où tu seras, je te tue. Va!" Here M. Got snatched his watch from his pocket, and glanced at it. The spectator could think only of the remorseless flight of time, and the fatal issue that an hour might bring. M. Landrol looks at his watch, and puts it away again, the action meaning nothing; and being only a perfunctory recognition of a hint in the text for theatrical business.

SLAVERY IN FIJI.

NOW that this year the Colonies and our mutual relations therewith are brought so much under our notice by the Exhibition, it would perhaps not be altogether out of place if we gave a thought to that out-of-the-way corner of the globe where our usual boast of successful colonization has certainly not been carried out. For several years past the state of things in Fiji has been going from bad to worse. The native population has decreased, nearly two deaths to every birth being the record of 1884; the natives have grown sullen and hopeless under the burdens imposed by their chiefs and the form of the ordinance on native taxation which was passed by Sir Arthur Gordon in 1876; and for the same reasons the planters are growing almost desperate. The stagnation of trade is utterly complete and widespread; all classes, except the native chiefs, suffer from it. It is but little wonder, therefore, that the Chamber of Commerce at Levuka should have deputed its office-bearers to draw up a petition to the Home Government in which they state clearly and at length the condition of affairs in Fiji.

It certainly seems a strange anomaly that we "Britishers," who have gone about the whole of the habitable globe, ever foremost in the abolition of slavery, should have taken such very great pains to re-establish a most undeniable form of slavery as soon as we annexed Fiji. Great Britain only consented, under pressure from Australia, to replace King Thakombau on the understanding "that Fiji was to be governed for the benefit of the Fijians." No doubt from a certain point of view, notably that of Sir Arthur Gordon, the former governor, and Sir William Des Voeux, the present one, this understanding has been carried out; but, unfortunately, opinions materially differ as to whether "the Fijians" mean the chiefs (or "local nobility") or the commoners. Certainly Fiji has been governed "for the benefit" of the chiefs, who, backed up in every one of their aggressions on their serfs (for they are nothing more) by Government House, have grown rich and prospered exceedingly. The authority of these chiefs was confirmed by England for several reasons, chiefly that they were practically the representatives or delegates of the people, and that if the chiefs were brought into contact with civilization, it would, through them, reach the people in the pleasantest and easiest fashion. Unfortunately what the chiefs understood by civilization took a practical form very speedily. Manchester goods were very pleasant evidences of civilization, preserved meats were toothsome; and the chiefs also found superior merit in boats and cutters built on European lines. But all these things meant money, and to get money was easy enough to men who were perfectly well aware that they were privileged beings in the eyes of the officials at Government House. What a native chief might do to a native commoner mattered little to the governor who had ratified to the former the right to do practically as he pleased so long as he avoided cannibalism. "Native customs were to be scrupulously respected"; and the native custom of *Lala* was the very thing as a lever for money-raising in the hands of the chiefs. The right of *Lala* is the right possessed by the chiefs to collect indiscriminate taxes at their own will and for their own uses; and in old days this feudal right was seldom abused for two excellent reasons. Firstly, before the arrival of the Europeans and their civilization, the chiefs had but few wants beyond a house and food; and, secondly, because the chiefs knew quite well that if they oppressed the people they would be deposed and clubbed to death. Even before the annexation, the growing influx of trade was raising the greed of good things in the chiefs with so distinct an effect in the matter of *Lala*, that the old Fiji Government was doing its best to break down this feudal right; and it was in the hope of doing this still more effectually that annexation was so strongly urged by the whites. Instead, however, of doing anything of the kind, Sir Arthur Gordon determined to govern through the chiefs by the old feudal system, and the *Lala* was not only not broken down, but was revived in far greater

force than before without any of its old restrictions. It can easily be imagined, therefore, what *Lala* is made to mean in the hands of the men entrusted with such absolute power. Whatever the chief wants in town or country he gets, and his people have to pay. Resistance is out of the question for them, for they know that the chief is supported by the British governor. They have nothing which belongs to them; every little possession on which money can be raised may be, and generally is, seized and sold by the chief. They plant but few yams (their staple food); for, if they do, they know that the chief will seize the crop. If the women and children are hungry, they endure their hunger with sullen, hopeless patience, or go and grub for wild roots in the bush to satisfy their cravings. One night a planter was awakened up by a native who begged to be allowed to place his two pigs in the planter's outhouse; the chief was to be round at the village next morning, and, though the pigs were all this native possessed, he knew they would be taken from him. Only by bringing them under cover of the night to the planter could he hope to keep them. If a native undertakes work on a plantation, he is liable to be called off for *Lala* by his chief. If he has received any wages, the chief can take them from him; if he plants food, the chief can sell it. Before a native can engage himself to work as a labourer, he has to get leave from no less than three officials—his *Taraga ne koro* (town chief), his *Buli* (district chief), and his *Roko* (chief of province)—and the natives complain that before this formidable trio will give the necessary permission to a man to work for his living, he has to pay them bribes to the extent sometimes of 4*l.*, which leaves the unhappy thrall so little that it is not worth working for. This system of blackmail goes still further; for, unless the planters take care to propitiate with money the chief whose villagers they wish to employ, the chief invariably *lalus* the labourers to come back and work for him until the planters come to terms. According to the existing native labour ordinance no man may leave the district in which he was born; the land may be barren and the food more than scarce, but there he must remain working for his chief, no matter what wages he might earn in another district. The initial cost of engaging a native labourer for a year's work used to be 1*l.* exclusive of his board and wages and clothes; it is now 10*l.* If the men were free to accept the work which is waiting for them the planters would willingly give 10*l.* and 12*l.*, instead of the present nominal rate of 4*l.* or 5*l.*; but while they remain the absolute slaves of the chiefs this is impossible. If a native succeeds in working for a white man for a year, then, no matter what he has learnt or what wages he can get, the law compels him to work the whole of the next year for his chief without wages. If he had only worked for the white man for a month the penalty would be the same time to be devoted to his chief. The chief reason of this extraordinary law arises from the form of the native taxation, which, with the abominable *Lala*, may be said to be the root of all the evil which has come upon Fiji. The natives are not allowed to pay their taxes in money, but are forced to pay them in kind, chiefly in copra, but also in bananas, yams, &c. When they offer even part payment of their taxes in money, the Government refuses to accept it. In old days the form of native taxation was a poll-tax; that the natives understood and could see the end of; now taxes are paid in kind, each village being assessed at so much produce. This is, therefore, the reason of the law forcing the native to work unpaid for his chief after working for a planter, in spite of the fact that the planter pays a commutation-tax on engaging a man at the rate of two shillings per month per man. If the native were free to work for wages as he pleased, and could pay his share of the tax in money, he might be considered a free man; but the Government of Fiji wills it otherwise. The tax *must* be paid in produce; and, as it is not till long after the taxes are delivered over to the collector and sold that the natives know whether there is sufficient to pay their assessment or not, crowds of young men are kept idle about the towns in case they should be wanted to make more tax-produce.

Just now things go specially ill in Fiji, for the hurricane of last March has simply devastated the islands and laid them utterly waste. The whole of the cocoa-nut crop, from which is made the copra for taxation, is absolutely destroyed, and it is doubtful if the trees will recover for two or three years; and the food plantations on which the natives wholly depend for sustenance are ruined. As the natives must eat something to live, it is perhaps not unnatural that many people who know Fiji entertain distinct fears that the combination of over-taxation and want of food will drive the Fijians to return to cannibalism. So great is this fear amongst those intimately acquainted with the natives that Mr. Calvert, one of the oldest and most experienced missionaries in that part of the world, has already returned to Fiji to see what he can do to avert so terrible a retrogression in the path of civilization. But, unless the Government helps these efforts of single individuals and alters the existing state of legislation, the future of Fiji looks dark indeed.

AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

LAST Monday the Royalty Theatre was reopened under the joint management of Messrs. E. J. Henley and Holmes. A four-act comedy, *Jack*, and a burlesque, *Mephisto*, formed a long entertainment suitable to the holiday season, and elicited no

niggard measure of applause from the audience. The comedy is a translation, or exceedingly close adaptation, of *La Pierre de Touche* by MM. Augier and Sandeau. With the exception, perhaps, of the last act, which wants cutting, it moves easily, and contains some lively dialogue; yet there can be no doubt that the acting and personality of the principal characters went for much in the marked success which attended this little comedy. Mr. Henley marked the gradual sundering of Noel from his friends with much art and intelligence; while he found some telling but delicate inflections of voice and gesture in his vile but not undignified manner of courting his new friends and repelling his old comrades, as when he freezes Madge's gush of misplaced gratitude for a dress in reality the gift of the generous Jack. Mr. Eben Plympton, too, was admirable in his excellent rendering of the hearty bluntness of Jack, who speaks with what a rowing man would call a "catch at the beginning." He has, however, but few intonations in his voice, is conventional in tirade, and passes too abruptly into sentiment. Miss Dorothy Dene's grace and beauty again proved their irresistible attraction; her voice, too, was not without refinement and some passionate notes which show that, although at present cautiously conventional, and at times flurried in her "business," she is full of promise as an actress. Her dresses were most artistically designed.

Indeed the eye is successfully catered for in both pieces; the most satisfactory parts of *Mephisto* are the simple but broad effects of delicate colour obtained by the dresses, scenery, and lighting. As to the piece itself, it is a singular instance of what inexperience or hurry in casting, and, above all, of what a want of any definite artistic aim, even in such things as travesty, can do to spoil much clever writing, laudable acting, novel situation, and daring or ingenious ideas. In conception it may be said to fall between two, or rather three, stools—the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, the French one-act operette, and the English pantomime or burlesque. It was more or less in vain that Miss Connie Gilchrist won applause for her light and graceful dancing, and that Mr. Henley, though out of voice, made amusing points in what seemed a kind of fantasia on rather than a direct imitation of the manner of Mr. Henry Irving. These artists contrasted too much with the style of the rest, though, indeed, no one seemed exactly sure in what spirit to play his part. No wonder, then, that the public, though they applauded individual actors, felt mystified and unable to comprehend the general tenor of such a jumble of styles. Perhaps the serenade scene between Marguerite (Miss Gilchrist) and Mephistopheles (Mr. Henley) went off best; and the critic's chorus, a good-humoured but broad piece of absurd pleasantry, only wanted a little more "go" and expression to score decided success. If regarded as an attempt at a new genre of burlesque, it must be owned that *Mephisto* has been put together too carelessly and lacks the force and unity necessary to rouse the public. As, however, there appears to be much good material in it, the management should make some effort to mould it in some given direction, as well as to infuse life and incident in those parts which drag unnecessarily.

THE REDUCTION IN THE BANK RATE.

THE reduction of their rate of discount by the Directors of the Bank of England last week was quite unexpected, and, we venture to think, was extremely ill advised. Our banking system, with its hundreds of millions of deposits and corresponding amounts of loans and discounts, rests upon the reserve held by the Bank of England. The country banks throughout the United Kingdom gather up deposits in their respective districts, and what they do not use at home, and do not require for immediate current wants, they send up to London to be employed there profitably. The London joint-stock and private banks, in the same way, when they have lent and discounted as much as they can, lend out to the bill-brokers and discount-houses the deposits which remain, and the bill-brokers and the discount-houses borrow this money on condition that it is to be repaid when called for or at very short notice, and they do this trusting that, if the occasion should arise, they would be able to borrow freely from the Bank of England. But the only available surplus which the Bank of England possesses is its reserve, the stock of coin and notes, that is, in the banking department. It is clear that when the reserve is low the confidence of the whole commercial community in the ability of the Bank to lend freely should occasion arise grows less and less; and if for any reason the money market should become disturbed, apprehension may arise and the money market may be severely tried. Now at the present time the reserve held by the Bank of England is unusually low. This is the slackest season of the year, when money ordinarily flows back from the provinces to the capital, and when, therefore, the reserve ought to be nearly at its highest. But the reserve is now about 7 millions less than it was at the corresponding date last year, and is fully 4 millions less than it was at the same time two years ago. In both of those years the stock of gold held by the Bank was insufficient; three years ago, when the reserve was only about three-quarters of a million higher than it is now, the discount rate of the Bank of England was as high as 4 per cent., and was kept so all through the summer. Again, the stock of gold now is 7 millions less than it was twelve months ago, and 4 millions less than it was two years ago. Under these circumstances it would seem but common prudence to maintain the rate at 3 per cent., and to take measures to make that rate effective. As

the law requires the Bank of England to cash its notes on presentation, the Bank of England cannot, as the Bank of France may, refuse to pay gold on demand. The Directors, therefore, cannot directly protect their stock of gold, which is but another word for their reserve. The only way in which they can protect the reserve is by raising their rate of discount and taking such measures as will make that rate effective, and so rendering the value of money artificially higher in London than in the neighbouring countries. When this is done it is worth the while of others to send or bring gold to London, where it can be employed more profitably than abroad; but the Directors of the Bank of England ever since the autumn have neglected to act upon this principle. When the drain to Germany was going on at that time they for a moment seemed inclined to follow the course that had so often been adopted by their predecessors with effect; but they lost courage at the last moment. Again, they allowed the drain to Paris to go on without any effectual endeavour to stop it; and when at last they raised their rate to 3 per cent., they did nothing to make that rate effective, and now once more they have lowered their rate to 2½ per cent.

The Directors of the Bank of England have always refused to admit that the Bank is bound to maintain a large reserve. As a matter of fact, the Bank of England is the keeper of the ultimate reserve of the whole country; but the Directors contend that the Bank is a private commercial Company, just as other banks, and is under no obligation, therefore, to the banking world. In practice, however, the Directors have never been able to act upon their theory, and when a serious crisis has arisen, they have been obliged to admit by their conduct that the Bank is the keeper of the ultimate reserve of the country. The divergence between the theory and practice of the Directors is constantly landing them in difficulties, and is one of the disturbing influences that acts upon the market. We are quite free to admit, of course, that the position of the Bank of England is a difficult one. The Directors have to consider the interests of their shareholders, and the interests of the shareholders do not always correspond with the duty of the Bank towards the whole community. On the other hand, the Bank is no longer what it once was—the great controlling power in the money market. Beside it have grown up a number of great banks with resources almost as large as its own. It is but one, therefore, among a large number of great financial establishments, and, therefore, is not able quickly to control the market. Lastly, these great institutions that surround it look upon it with a kind of jealousy and never cordially support its action. But, although its position is difficult, and it has to make sacrifices to perform its duty to the public, it is not the less clear that that duty must be discharged. Just now it is contended that the depression in trade and agriculture has so diminished the demand for loans and discounts that the supply greatly exceeds the demand, and, therefore, that it is impossible to keep up a high rate of discount. Undoubtedly the demand is small, and money can be made comparatively dear only by artificial means; but, as the reserve is dangerously small and requires in the interests of the public to be increased, those artificial means ought to be resorted to. The joint-stock banks have failed in their duty. They have not supported the Bank as they ought to have done, and they encourage the discount-houses and the bill-brokers in the reckless competition which is forcing down the value of money below what it ought to be; but the Bank of England cannot get rid of its responsibility by throwing the blame upon the joint-stock banks and the bill-brokers and discount-houses.

We pointed out last week that there are good reasons for believing that an improvement in trade is about to set in. An improvement in trade would at once lead to an outflow of coin from the Bank of England to the provinces, and would thus lessen even still more the small reserve held by the Bank. That would compel the Bank to adopt measures to protect its reserve, would raise artificially the value of money, and would check at its outset the improvement in trade. In doing this the Bank might be compelled to so act as to create some apprehension in the money market, and thus to throw back the improvements perhaps for many months. Clearly it is advisable to avoid such a consequence if possible; and now, while business is slack and while the money markets of the world are easy, is the time for the directors to take measures to increase their stock of gold. It is always to be borne in mind, too, that the money market is liable to accidents. For some reason or other the Bank of France has been increasing its stock of gold enormously during the past twelve months. Compared with this time last year, the gold in the Bank of France has increased over 11½ millions sterling, and the Bank of Germany, too, has increased its stocks of gold in the same time by nearly 5½ millions sterling. These two banks have, therefore, added about 16½ millions sterling to the gold held by them in the short space of twelve months. They have done this, however, mainly at the expense of the Bank of England and the New York banks; for, in the same space of time, the Bank of England has lost nearly 7½ millions sterling, and the New York Associated Banks about 9 millions sterling. New York and London now hold about 16½ millions sterling less than they did twelve months ago. It is true that in the interval the United States Treasury has increased its stock of gold, and that, therefore, the diminution in the New York banks is not altogether due to foreign exports. But the figures given above show that very little gold has been added from outside sources to the gold of the great cities—London, New York, Paris, and Berlin—and that the reserve banks of Paris and Berlin have increased their stock of gold at the expense of

the reserve banks of London and New York. Apparently, then, there is not much reason to hope that any great addition to the stock of gold can be made in the immediate future. In the natural course of things, that is to say, the Bank of England cannot expect to replenish its stock of gold by drawing upon Australia, California, or any of the great gold-mining regions of the world. It can obtain gold, therefore, only by making the value of money artificially high in London—that is, by keeping up its own rate of discount, and so acting upon the London money market as to diminish the supply of loanable capital not under its own immediate control. Now, the large increase in the stock of gold held by the Banks of France and of Germany indicates some cause of uneasiness. Whether the uneasiness is on political, financial, or Stock Exchange grounds, there can be no real doubt that anxiety exists, and it is easy to see several good reasons for anxiety. In the present state of Europe, a war may break out at any moment, and a great war would certainly cause a panic in many of the great capitals of the Continent. Again, there has been a wild speculation on the Berlin Bourse for two years past, and a panic there would surprise nobody. Lastly, the state of politics and trade in France is such as to inspire uneasiness. For any of these or other reasons, should a crisis occur on the Continent, there might be a great drain of gold from London, and, with the present reserve, a great drain would certainly disturb the London money market, and compel the Bank of England to advance its rate of discount to a height that would discompose trade and try the credit of many. It seems unwise, then, of the Directors of the Bank of England to have reduced their rate of discount just now, and it is all the more unwise because the reduction does not promise to bring any business to the Bank. It is quite true, of course, that, the Bank's rate of discount having been 3 per cent., and the rate in the open market under 1½ per cent., the Bank had lost all business; but it is equally true that it is losing business at present, when its official rate of discount is 2½ per cent., and the rate in the market very little over 1 per cent. By reducing its rate it has not improved its own position in the least; it has simply aided the speculators for the full who have been driving down the value of money of late, and has thereby rendered less probable than before an influx of gold from abroad.

REVIEWS.

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *BACCHANTE*.*

WE confess to having been somewhat taken aback by the voluminous contents of the *Cruise of the "Bacchante."* Remembering the ages, the habits, and the tastes of the two young sailor Princes, we had expected a brief and rather youthful narrative of sights and scenes, slight incidents and every-day adventures, with a simple record of personal impressions in the course of their three years' circumnavigation of the globe. On the contrary, we have a serious and extremely thoughtful work, extending to nearly fifteen hundred closely-printed pages, and containing a vast amount of valuable information on a wide variety of interesting subjects. It is very much to the credit of the authors, yet we cannot help compassionating their lot. Had they been simply the sons of peers or wealthy commoners, they might have taken their travels much more easily. But even Radicals and fiery Democratic orators must begin to be convinced that Royalty has its responsibilities as well as its luxuries. It is a long step from the *rois fainéants* of the Merovingian dynasty to the heirs apparent to the Crown of England in the present day. The Prince of Wales, after being severely educated for his future position, is perpetually being plunged over head and ears in an exacting round of exhausting public engagements; and now his sons are being brought up to tread in their father's footsteps. The young Princes, when they were sent to sea, had to take their share in the duties of the other midshipmen. They went aloft and kept the night watches with the comrades of their mess. But it may be presumed that the other midshipmen were masters of their movements in their leisure hours; and we may imagine that they killed time in the sultry tropics with siestas and languid novel-reading on the gun-room lockers. They could turn into their hammocks of an evening when they pleased, and doubtless they freely availed themselves of that privilege. But Prince Albert Edward and his brother seem to have been perpetually kept up to the mark by the earnest and conscientious tutor who accompanied them. They not only kept regular logs of the monotonous life at sea; but, after flagging days of sight-seeing and pleasuring ashore, they came back to write up the diary of the day in detail. Besides that, they had shipped an extensive sea stock of well-selected literature in relation to the many countries they visited; they read up the best ancient or modern authorities on each colony and county, and condensed the information so acquired in their journals. We need not add that, when they went ashore, whether to inspect townships in the Australian bush, or Syrian shrines, or Egyptian temples, they enjoyed the guidance of voluble

and well-informed specialists; and these gentlemen have often contributed notes which are really invaluable. The result, as we said, is a most valuable and instructive book, and, after all, it is a matter of secondary importance that we are mystified as to the joint authorship. Many of the passages and pages are clearly original, and we confess that we like them far the best. The solid matter is excellent of the kind; the information is carefully brought down to date; but then we have been almost sated with colonial facts and statistics of late, thanks partly to Mr. Froude and to Baron von Hübnér. While there is something pleasantly natural in the exhilaration of the young midshipmen when they get a spell of leave on shore after wearisome weeks at sea; we like to hear them congratulating themselves on a pay-day at the end of a month because there is a trifle more pay due than usual; and then from time to time we have what we may call a cheery complaint as to the sorrows of a life at sea in rough weather. Thus in the run from the Cape to Australia, when it had been blowing fresh day after day, we have the following heartfelt entry in the diary, with its graphic touches of inevitable disagreeables.

April 29th.—Rolling heavily, which is very trying to the temper; cannot read or write, stand or sit comfortably. The only thing to be done is to get into a hammock or cot swung from the beams; there you remain steadily while the ship swings round you. Two of the ward-room officers when walking on the upper deck, which was very wet, went over during one of the rolls into the lee-scuppers together; one broke his ribs and the other damaged his eye; it was in the same roll the port cutter touched the writer. When sitting at meals your chair has to be lashed to the leg of the table, and you have to hold the plate with one hand and feed with the other; nothing will remain anyhow on the table. In the gun-room mess we have only three cups now unsmashed.

So, while we care comparatively little for learned references to Mithraic pictures and the papers of the Hakluyt Society, which are rather suggestive of cramming, we delight in some of the bright and breezy sea sketches, as in the fun of the shark-fishing off the Barbadoes; and we lament the fate of the pet kangaroo, which the brothers hoped to bring home as a present "to sisters." *A propos* of the sharks, we are told how "the dead body of a horse floating out to sea was made fast astern off the *Bacchante* as a bait for these gentlemen, and, though the stench was rather strong all that day and night, it attracted one or two large sharks, who were duly shot by the commander from off the poop." In the South Seas, where the shark-fishing was fairly successful, "it was curious to watch how each is piloted by his own pilot-fish, a little purple fellow who always swims close ahead of his nose, and whose every turn the shark follows. Coming up to the bait the pilot-fish always avoided it, but the shark found it hard to follow the advice of his wiser companion, and, after hesitating a moment, could not resist the temptation." Then there was another lively day among queer marine animals on the same cruise, from the Fijijs to Japan, when storms were threatening from sundry points of the compass and the sultry air was overcharged with electricity. "To-day, again, lots of flying-fish. The more we observe them, the more do they seem to resemble birds in their flight, wheeling and turning themselves sideways on the wind above the water. There was also a school of whales blowing fountains from their noses, and slithering long and green through the water. There have been one or two very heavy rain-squalls, just as if buckets of water were capsized over you; they wet anything through in about two minutes. No drill after practice now, for the weather is too close." The brief but agreeable sea experiences and the sad fate of the poor little kangaroo are described very pathetically. The skipping gourmand had laid all hands under contribution, looking into the gun-room and the ward-room at dinner-time, and winding up his peregrinations in the captain's cabin, where he regularly consumed biscuits and dessert. Unfortunately he had got into the habit of curling himself up to sleep in dangerous quarters on the anchor slung over the side; and one day, when the ship had been rolling heavily on the long ground-swell, the pet of the crew was reported missing. But decidedly the most sensational entry from the log, although the ship was once in real danger in stormy weather, is a most matter-of-fact account of the apparition of the Flying Dutchman. It would really seem to show that there is something in the old superstition, and that there may still be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our sceptical philosophy. On the voyage from Melbourne to Sydney on July 11, 1881, at 4 A.M., "the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up on the port bow. The lookout man on the fore-castle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as also did the quarter-deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the fore-castle; but on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her; but whether it was Van Diemen or the Flying Dutchman or who else must remain unknown." The strange light was seen as well by the *Bacchante's* two consorts, and from them also the phantom seemed to fade away in the night. The apparition, as usual, was ominous of disaster. The seaman who had sighted the brig fell from the fore-topmast in the course of the day and was smashed to atoms, although perhaps the accident may be satisfactorily explained by his nerves having been shaken. But the Admiral was struck down by sickness before the *Bacchante* reached port, which is precisely what might have been expected from the nocturnal

* *The Cruise of H.M.S. "Bacchante," 1879-1882: compiled from the Private Journals, Letters, and Note-books of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales. With Additions by John N. Dalton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.*

encounter with Vanderdecken. In any case the incident is a very strange one, and we should be glad to have it in greater detail.

As for the more solid parts of the book, as we have said, they abound in useful and practical information. The volumes have been considerably swelled by long notes interpolated between brackets by the Rev. Mr. Dalton, who edits the work. But Mr. Dalton is a cultivated and well-informed man; he takes broad and impartial views of Imperial questions and Colonial politics; and these lengthy notes of his are always worth reading. He gives perhaps as clear and dispassionate an account as it is possible to give of the complicated tangle of South African affairs; he has much to say about the unfortunate West Indies that is both interesting and suggestive; and his remarks on South African and Australian questions may be compared advantageously with the opinions that Mr. Froude has recorded in his *Oceana*. Mr. Dalton's account of the state of things in Jamaica is exceptionally discouraging. Not long ago it seemed that the island was slowly but steadily advancing; now it appears that it is again having a relapse. The old trouble is still at the bottom of the mischief. While in flat and fertile islands like Barbadoes, which can be brought almost entirely under cultivation, the negro is compelled to work or to starve, in Jamaica he may squat on his own tiny provision-plot, indulge his natural indolence, and snap his fingers at the planters. It may be that labour will have to be imported, though the rich and picturesque island is swarming with idle hands; and yet Mr. Dalton believes that, in spite of sugar protection and sugar bounties, it is possible that its former prosperity might be revived. In Jamaica, as in Ireland, absenteeism is to be blamed for much of the trouble. "Sugar cultivation," says Mr. Dalton, "will pay here if it will pay anywhere, but it must be under resident owners, who will manage their own business and manufacture the sugar with some regard to science and economy." Almost all our colonies were visited, in the course of the voyages, with the exception of Canada; and the young Princes were struck in Australia, like all other travellers, with the marvellous growth of magnificent cities reclaimed only yesterday from the scrub and the forest. More especially in Melbourne, where old colonists saw cows tied up to the trees on the site of the present Town Hall, and where land "that then was thought dear at 1*l.* per acre now realizes 500*l.* per square foot." The Princes and Mr. Dalton give a most interesting account of the great cattle-breeding States of Southern America, which far surpass Australia in the head of beasts they carry, and which are likely to run the Australian breeders hard in the markets of the world; so that it is aggravating being reminded that England narrowly missed becoming the mistress of those magnificent semi-tropical grazing-grounds. Finally, we have followed with great interest the Princes on their visits to the antiquities of Egypt and the sacred spots in Palestine and Syria; especially they saw the venerable Hebron under exceptionally favourable circumstances, as the Turkish Pacha who accompanied them for once was friendly and influential. They did not, indeed, descend into the Cave of Machpelah—which, indeed, is said never to have been explored for the last seven centuries—but, with the savants who attended them, they made some new discoveries in the Mosque above of considerable interest. Altogether, the volumes are both fascinating and instructive, though undoubtedly they might be condensed with advantage in any future editions for popular circulation.

PRAED'S POEMS.*

WE trust (and, as he seems to be in the main a very sensible person, we think) that Mr. Frederick Cooper will pardon us if in this review we busy ourselves less with him or with his principle of selection than with his subject. It is Mr. Cooper's great merit that he has been the first to give in convenient and cheap form a substantive selection of the work of one of the most charming of English verse-writers. His introduction is good, though not critically impeccable. Thus, for instance, he says that "it is impossible to say" why opinion has preferred *The Red Fisherman* to *The Teufelhaus*, *The Bride of Belmont*, &c. We will tell him, for we are rather fond of doing impossibilities. There are two reasons why the secure world has thus judged, and rightly judged. The other tales contain in parts some of Praed's very best verses. But, in the first place, they are very much more unequal than *The Red Fisherman*; and, in the second, their theme is almost invariably much less original. The stories of resistance to Satanic temptation, of a dream-experience of foolishly wished-for pleasures, &c., are common, not to say hackneyed. *The Red Fisherman* not only flows from end to end in one unbroken stream of masterly verse, but has a singular freshness and piquancy of subject, even the historical allusions, odd as they are at first sight, fitting in with a curious appropriateness. But a great deal may be forgiven to Mr. Cooper, not only for providing us with a charming pocket-book, but for remarking, with as much truth as dryness, that, when Mr. Locker made the remarkable statement that Praed was inferior to Thackeray in width of sympathy, "he might have said as much of any author of the century." Therefore peace be with Mr. Cooper. We do not even care to quibble about his choice of pieces—to insist that the songs from *The Troubadour* without the context are insufficient, or that most of the charades might, if omissions were to be

made, have been omitted with some advantage. "Passons aux choses réelles; parlons de Praed."

He was during his life a rather fortunate person—unless the shortness of it be counted as a misfortune. Since his death as much can hardly be said. His editor, Derwent Coleridge (who, eminently respectable as he was, seems to have unfairly engrossed all the dulness of his family for one generation at least) delayed the publication of an edition of the "Works" which Praed had been too careless to collect till a new generation had arisen, omitted much that was characteristic, included much that was merely ephemeral, and commented on the whole in a way which would have made a certain friend of his father and his uncle ask to "feel his head." Even this edition, after for some time occurring freely enough in the catalogues, has been, as the manner of such things is, absorbed, and has become difficult to get. Most of Praed's admirers have seemed to think it necessary to assume an apologetic air in regard to one division or another of his work; the non-politicians kindly excusing his politics, the politicians more kindly excusing his frivolity. Perhaps a more serious, though a less obvious, error has been committed in regard to him by making for him, as it were, a coterie and esoteric reputation. People have sometimes spoken and written of Praed as if every Eton man were bound to worship him, and as if nobody who is not an Eton man had any business to admire him at all—at any rate, as if nobody but an Etonian could hope to understand him. This kind of thing (which is not uncommon) invariably produces a double reaction. Some of the predestined worshippers kick; some of those who are told that it is hopeless for them to worship take their monitors at the foot of the letter and blaspheme. Even some of Praed's own successors in the writing of *vers de société* have expressed themselves in regard to him with a generous patronage which, considering the cases, may dispose the irreverent to laugh comically.

Now let us see what Winthrop Mackworth Praed is really, looked at from the point of view of literature. In the first place, he is one of the most remarkable masters of metre in English. His earliest efforts, including most of the pieces written at school, show, indeed, as he confessed with much frankness, little more than an exceedingly close following of the easy jingle of Swift, Gay, Prior, and Lloyd. But when he shook himself free of this, he developed a mastery of the looser forms of verse which is as remarkable as it is original. Although it may seem odd, and has been denied by some who had not looked into the matter, there is little doubt that the stately and passionate cadences of Mr. Swinburne's "Dolores" were suggested (though the transformation of the last line partly hides the change and partly assists the emphasis) by the airy measures of "My own Araminta, say 'No.'" In varied narrative verse, *The Red Fisherman* and its fellows form the link between Scott and Coleridge earlier, and the variations of Thomas Ingoldsby later, without showing any trace of that vulgarization as well as variation which, though often exaggerated, is not quite unjustly charged against Barham. In severer and more serious forms of verse Praed was not to seek, and though there are roughnesses and inequalities in "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor," it is in parts one of the best of a class by no means well filled, the modern military ballad.

So much for his mere form, and for his claim to rank as a verse-smith. As for his matter, no one of course would put him forward as claiming very high rank in purely serious poetry; yet such pieces as "Memory," as the song "Tell him I love him yet," and others are not despicable even from that point of view. Looked at as a master, however, he is of course a master of humorous verse, ranging from the grimly humorous in *The Red Fisherman* to the almost frivolously humorous in most of his lighter pieces. And what is particularly noticeable in his humorous poems is that he never, like Hood, Barham, and most of his contemporaries in this line, descends to vulgarity, or relies on mere grotesque, or uses slang and mis-spelling and mechanical devices of a similar kind to produce his effect. In the present volume, which, small as it is, must contain at least seven or eight thousand lines, if not more, there are not half-a-dozen passages which the most fastidious taste, either in language or manners, can blame. When "Lucy whispered 'nose' in time," the conceit was more funny than elegant certainly, and "began" is not a very exact rhyme to "Malibran." But faults of either kind are of the rarest in Praed.

And then the merits? The entire poems which every intelligent person ought to know, *The Red Fisherman*, "The Speaker Asleep" (the only purely Parliamentary piece of verse of great merit ever written), the above-mentioned "Araminta, say 'No,'" more strictly entitled "A Letter of Advice," "The Vicar," "The Portrait of a Lady," "Sir Nicholas," "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine"—but we are getting into a mere catalogue—all these and many more are perennially delightful. Praed's perfect urbanity, his freedom from pretentiousness, the golden simplicity of his style, set off his wit to perfection. Yet perhaps his happiest things are those which are scattered over poems, on the whole, inferior to these his masterpieces. For instance, in the midst of the legend of the Drachenfels, which is "pretty but slim," an experiment in something which is not Praed's style, occurs the couplet:—

And the Burschen of Bonn, if Bonn had been,
Would have shuddered in their halls.

The Teufelhaus, though, in opposition to Mr. Cooper, we hold it to be nothing near so good as *The Red Fisherman*, is full of these quaint turns, of which since Praed's days writers of comic verse

* *The Canterbury Poets—Selected Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*. By Frederick Cooper. London and Newcastle: W. Scott. 1886.

are supposed to have the secret, but which they rarely employ so happily, such as the jilted knight's meditations on

A gallant heart all burnt to ashes
And the Baron of Katzeberg's long mustaches;

and that most rascally but extremely happy comparison of Our Lady the Moon

Flinging her silvery beams about
On rock, tree, wave, and gladdening all
With just as miscellaneous bounty
As Isabel's, whose sweet smiles fall
In half an hour on half the county;

and, most charming of all, in the most passionate moment of the tale

Not with more haste the members fly
When Hume has caught the Speaker's eye.

The beautiful and touching descant on "dinner at the dinner-hour" in *The Haunted Tree* and that on music in *The Bridal of Belmont*, the most commonplace of the whole as a whole, exhibit the same turn of thought and words, not forgetting the people who talk

To poets of the wrong review
And to the French of Waterloo.

Perhaps the best single example of Præd in a small compass, though it partakes somewhat of that early eighteenth-century manner of his which has been noted, is the conclusion of "How to Rhyme for Love":—

"Chloe," he said, "you're like the moon;
You shine as bright, you change as soon;
Your wit is like the moon's fair beam,
In borrowed light 'tis o'er us thrown;
Yet, like the moon's, that sparkling stream
To careless eyes appears your own;
Your cheek by turns is pale and red;
And then, to close the simile
(From which methinks you turn your head,
As half in anger, half in glee),
Dark would the night appear without you,
And—twenty fools have rhymed about you!"

If any one wants him in a wilder vein than usual, let him turn to "The Epitaph of the King of the Sandwich Islands" and "The Chant of the Brazen Head," both of which, with the everlastingly-to-be-quoted *Red Fisherman*, show a bone and sinew in Præd which are rarely allowed to him. The famous "Good Night to the Season" is in a much lower and easier strain; yet in it and in such pieces as "I'm not a Lover now" Præd has done better than any one what not a few have done well. We could not without inquiry say whether Hood borrowed from Præd or Præd from Hood in respect of the "Ode on Clapham Academy" and the "School and Schoolfellows"; but here Hood has the best of it. On the other hand, Hood has never equalled the savage but not undeserved "Waterloo."

But why turn we over the pages which anybody can now buy for a shilling or (discount off) ninepence? "Who'll buy?" "Who'll buy?" or rather, who that is sensible won't?

SOME NOVELS.*

THERE is so little originality or force in nine-tenths of the novels of the day that we are all apt to overrate the merits of a book which contains anything out of the common. The workings of the female mind supplied us for a time with old ideas in a new form; but already the ladies are beginning to show signs of having written their best, and before long we may have to return to the old faith, and deny that a woman can construct a novel. Hugh Conway and others of the newer school have partially redressed the balance, and readers undoubtedly confess to a preference for vigour, incident, character, and other features which are not often found in current fiction. *Cashel Byron's Profession* is by a writer who has not hitherto made much, if any, mark. His name is new in the list of popular authors, and his book comes to us almost in the form of a pamphlet, as if the publishers to whom he entrusted his manuscript did not expect to hear it called the best novel of its week, or they would have ushered it into the world in a more pretentious form. To call it "the best novel of the week," or even "of the season," is not to praise it very highly; and certainly if skill, humour, style, and unflagging interest count for anything, it is not praising it extravagantly. Mr. Shaw creates characters who breathe and speak so like human beings that the impossibilities, and indeed absurdities, of the story do not strike the reader till he has finished. It would not be fair

to divulge the secret of the hero's profession, as the whole story turns on it from first to last. Cashel Byron is, at any rate, muscular, healthy, and handsome; to say more would be to spoil the reader's pleasure in a novel which should and may very well be read at a sitting. This is to give Mr. Shaw every advantage; and he deserves it, for the chief merit of his book is its evenness. There is scarcely a sentence which does not fit naturally into its place. There are many serious thoughts thrown in with so light a touch that they do not seem out of place in the pauses of a waltz. For instance, this is neatly put:—"Grief of two years' standing is only a bad habit"; and so is this:—"Our popular lecturers on physics present us with chains of deductions so highly polished that it is a luxury to let them slip from end to end through our fingers. But they leave nothing behind but a rapid memory of the sensation they afforded." The heroine, Miss Lydia Carew, of Wiltoken Castle, who "knew forty-eight living languages and all dead ones," is a blue, a beauty, and an heiress all in one, and sums up her views on matrimony and her numerous suitors in some excellent sentences. She is sick to death of "the morbid introspection and womanish self-consciousness of poets, novelists, and their like." All the good artists are married. The gentlemen are either men of pleasure or else amateurs of the arts—"having the egotism of professional artists without their ability." Lydia resolves to marry Cashel; and this is, we venture to think, the chief artistic mistake of the story. Lydia might have been excused for wishing to marry him, but the traditions of her race should have made it impossible, or else the novelist's sense of fitness should have supplied him with some insuperable obstacle. The minor characters are as carefully drawn as the principals. Mrs. Byron, for instance, the successful actress, who is Cashel's mother, and heartily tired of the trouble he entails on her, selfish, thick-skinned, and unromantic, but with a certain dramatic power, and plenty of common sense, is a perfectly consistent yet an unusual character. Her opinion of the stage as a profession is freely stated to Lydia, who thinks the acquirement of the power of acting would be of "great educational value."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Byron decidedly. "People come into the world ready made. I went on the stage when I was eighteen, and succeeded at once. Had I known anything of the world, or been four years older, I should have been weak, awkward, timid, and flat; it would have taken me twelve years to crawl to the front. . . . I learned the business of the stage as easily and thoughtlessly as a child learns a prayer: the rest came to me by nature."

The little lord who takes Cashel to a fashionable "at home," though but slightly sketched, is also very amusing and true to the life, and so is Miss Goff, the heroine's very prosaic "friend and companion," whose thoroughly conventional ideas form an excellent foil to the originality and vivacity of Miss Carew herself.

For thirty years or more Miss Yonge's novels have been the joy and help of parents and governesses, who are under no compulsion to read them before putting them into the hands of their pupils. The annual and sometimes semi-annual supply of new volumes has been ample, and each has been sufficiently thick to last a good while. Then, too, the *dramatis personæ* have always been ladies and gentlemen drawn by a lady who lives in good society, and has not been obliged to resort to her imagination to describe the behaviour of people of "quality." Miss Yonge, while she has not hesitated to grapple with such social difficulties as are presented by naughty dispositions, uncongenial relations, and misunderstood children, has always been safe from any tendency to greater vulgarity than the priggishness inseparable from her ideal of perfection. The result is that the hero or the heroine of one of her stories, though painted with loving minuteness and the greatest skill, is often a person whom we should be sorry to encounter in real life—a person whom we may respect, but must dislike, good for an exemplar and instructive for young folk, but hardly attractive. Philip, in the first and best known of Miss Yonge's novels, is not half as interesting a personage to the unregenerate mind as his cousin Guy. In *Chantry House* we find a type of character scarcely more pleasing, but drawn with the same directness and power. The hero is perfectly unheroic, and we are literally driven to sympathize with sheer cowardice. Martyn is constitutionally deficient in pluck. As a little boy he tells lies out of timidity—a fault so repugnant to the feelings of his parents that they do not offer him the help and encouragement which alone can overcome it. He goes into the navy, and disgraces himself. At Navarino he is found hiding in his berth. He is obliged to leave the service and come home under a cloud. Yet the same Martyn, though entirely deficient in physical courage, has the moral strength and perseverance to perform a long self-imposed task; and works hard and faithfully to restore a fortune which in his opinion has come to his family by a mistaken bequest. The story, which is in only two volumes, is told by a crippled brother, and includes the appearance of a most alarming ghost, which Miss Yonge's artistic instincts forbid her to explain away.

The plot of *A Left-handed Marriage* is disagreeable. Prince Waldemar intends, of course, that his union with Esther Varhely is to be permanent; but when he becomes unexpectedly the head of the house he repudiates it, and the discarded wife goes, with her son Maurice, to live in a remote village. Maurice becomes a musician, and is taken up and introduced by a celebrated *maestro*, who is referred to as "the Abbé"—Mrs. Beringer dedicates her book to the Abbé Liszt—and at Weimar Maurice meets and falls in love with Felicità Demetzko. She loves him in return, but marries Prince Waldemar, his father, who, not deterred by his

* *Cashel Byron's Profession*. By George Bernard Shaw. London: Modern Press. 1886.

Chantry House. By Charlotte M. Yonge. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

A Left-handed Marriage. By Mrs. Oscar Beringer. 3 vols. London: Remington. 1886.

Martin Ffrench. By John Bradshaw. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

Margery Daw. By the Author of "Like unto a Star." London: Stevens.

Dan's Sister; and other Stories. London: Stevens.

A Primrose Dame. By Mervyn L. Hawkes. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Portia; or, "By Passions Rocked". By the Author of "Phyllis." London: Smith & Elder. 1886.

early mistake, thus contracts a second "left-handed marriage." Maurice, inconsolable, goes to England. Meanwhile his mother, the Prince's first victim, dies, leaving to her son's guardianship an orphan, Minna Holtop, whom she had adopted and brought up. To simplify their relations and to thicken the plot, Maurice marries Minna. Presently Felicita and her princely husband fall out, and the lady, who does not find it so pleasant as she expected to be a "left-handed" princess, so to speak, would obtain a divorce and marry Maurice but for the revelation of the double obstacle. Then Maurice shoots himself, Felicita dies of heart disease, Minna marries an old friend of the first left-handed princess, and—but the story is not worth pursuing further. The working out of such a plot as this would require a masterhand.

Why *Martin Ffrench* is not more interesting it would be difficult to say. Mr. Bradshaw provides pretty girls, a fairly good hero, love-making, and adventures; but, though his book has these advantages, and is written with ease and in good grammar, the reader can lay it down after the first volume, and wait patiently for the other two.

The title of *Margery Daw* is so like that of a simpler, but more highly polished and humorous American story, well known to all novel-readers, as to suggest a wish that the resemblance had been continued in the interior of the book. A child, saved from a railway accident in which her mother is killed, turns out eventually, as in many novelettes of this kind, to be the daughter and heiress of a wicked baronet. She naturally, though supposed to be a pauper, marries a lord, not in the least knowing that her own father is a wicked baronet; but her noble husband takes to cutting down trees, with a fatal result, and she marries again, this time having money and rank enough of her own, according to the rule in these cases laid down by the writers of novelettes, to suffice for both herself and her former lover.

Seven short novels of a similar kind are published together in a neat volume of the "Favourite Fiction Series," under the title of *Dan's Sister; and other Stories*.

A Primrose Dame is a political tale, and claims to be written by a man of long political experience, and with "an honest purpose." The preface is signed with the single letter "H," but Mr. Mervyn Hawkes's name is on the title. We cannot quite agree with H. that the book is without political prejudice. It was written, we are told, before the Primrose League had attained its present influence, and forecasted its success and popularity; but the hero, though not a Radical of the new "Brumagem" or Caucus kind, is a Radical for all that. The heroine, a staunch Tory, canvasses against the Radical hero. He is nearly killed in an election riot, and is carried into the house of the heroine's father. She nurses and marries him. The story is lively, and the characters well drawn.

We have received a new and cheaper edition of *Portia*.

THE GOSPEL OF TORY DEMOCRACY.*

NOTHING is more characteristic of the young politicians of the present day than the trouble they are all in about their souls. Plain Whig principles are hardly more at a discount than plain Tory principles. To do the best they can on lines as definite as may be is too humble an aim for the heirs of all the ages who have taken up their station in this particular file of time. They must have first principles, and, if possible, new ones. They must battle on the crests of waves of thought, and be the guides and patrons of impersonal but irrepressible tendencies. Therefore they are overwhelmed by the consciousness of their enormous responsibility. If they mould the tendencies properly, the tendencies will tend to something extremely glorified. If not, we plunge downwards into roaring revolutionary anarchies, where no road or path is any longer visible at all.

The words of the preceding clause are not our own, nor, it is hardly necessary to say, were they written by the late Mr. Carlyle. They spring from the teeming brain of Mr. Standish O'Grady, who has published a little volume, appropriately bound in true blue, with the high purpose of explaining what a Tory Democrat is, and why everybody ought to be a Tory Democrat. At present there are, or have been, three Tory Democrats (or four, if we count Oliver Cromwell). Mr. Standish O'Grady is one, Mr. John Ruskin is another, and Mr. Thomas Carlyle was another. Lord Randolph Churchill might be one, and even the leader of the party; and then again, as Uncle Remus would say, he moun't. It all depends upon whether he was in earnest in supporting Mr. Broadhurst in the matter of enfranchising leaseholds. If he was he is a Radical, and will do his best to plunge us downwards into roaring revolutionary, &c. If he only intended to make a little manifestation of sympathy for the deserving poor, and not to go any further on the same lines, he may yet save his country.

Since it is hardly probable that Mr. Ruskin will speedily be called upon to direct the destinies and mould the tendencies of this great country, and would most likely refuse if he were, it is the more necessary to make use of the present opportunity for the examination of Tory Democracy in the person of Mr. O'Grady, the only one of its champions who has the double advantage of being unquestionably orthodox and practically available. The

first thing is to see how far his reading of the history of the past justifies faith in him as prophet of the future, and counsellor in the present. History, as every one knows, begins with the nineteenth century, and with the nineteenth century accordingly Mr. O'Grady begins it:—"January 1, 1801.—Loud announcement by the cannon's mouth that an Act, which had already passed successfully through the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland, and received the Royal Assent, is now law. An Act of some moment in history." Whether when we are all Tory Democrats we shall always speak and write in sham Carlylese, Mr. O'Grady does not say. He does so, and he is a Tory Democrat, and that is all that is safe to assert on the question at present. But that the memory of William Pitt stinks in the nostrils of Tory Democracy there is no doubt at all. Those who would know the full catalogue of the iniquities committed by this black-hearted man must seek them out in the Tory Democrat's handbook. But one or two may be mentioned. In pursuance of an insidious design for the ruin of Ireland, Pitt "warring upon the French Republic for no reason which can be understood by us moderns, had achieved for his country national bankruptcy." In fact, he not only incurred a National Debt, on which Englishmen and Irishmen are still paying interest, and occasionally paying off principal, but had the "brazen front" to represent "the power which he enjoyed of raising the money as a signal proof of the national stability." Of course Tory Democrats never avail themselves of the conveniences of credit—probably because they think it wrong. Another crime for which Pitt was responsible may be mentioned here, partly because it has just now a certain interest extraneous to the matter in hand, and partly because its treatment by Mr. O'Grady is a favourable specimen of Tory Democratic reasoning. In 1801 there were passed over a hundred Enclosure Acts, and in the first ten years of the century common and waste lands were enclosed, in virtue of private Acts, to the value, according to Mr. O'Grady, after they were enclosed, of about seven millions and three-quarters. Whether this calculation takes into account the amounts which the landlords or other persons enclosing under them invariably had to pay in full compensation of everybody who had any rights over the land before its enclosure, Mr. O'Grady does not say, and it does not greatly matter. What is clear to the meanest Tory Democratic intelligence is that the landlords, by these Acts, stole from the commoners whose rights of pasture, turbary, &c., they bought at the capitalized value, "7,750,050*l.*, a wise employment of which down to date would probably have extinguished the National Debt and removed from the fierce eyes of Revolution that vast and glittering heap." A method of doing justice even now presents itself to the mind. Let all the enclosed land be made over to the proper owners, or, if they cannot be found, to the State, and give the landlords in return all the money they and their predecessors in title have spent upon it, with interest "down to date." Then we shall all be as we were. Many a landlord would hesitate to oppose a Bill for this just purpose. One further example must be recorded of what a shocking place England was eighty-five years before Tory Democrats were heard of. A poor man was tried for some crime. He observed, with startling originality, that "he had, however, done nothing but what his own conscience justified him for doing; and if, notwithstanding the purity of his intentions, the Court should think him an object of punishment, the cause in which he suffered would enable him to bear it with fortitude." In those dark days the Court remanded the gentleman for a week; but, whatever happened to him afterwards, there is no reason to believe that he was ordered to be treated as a first-class misdemeanant on account of his weak health.

History being such and so melancholy, it is hardly to be wondered at that at the present time "we are on the eve of grave political and social changes"; that we are, in fact, entering upon or passing through what has been ingeniously called a critical crisis. "Mr. Hyndman and his swart brood, seen and unseen, flit to and fro." This suggests that when it is the turn of the Social Democratic Federal to have his handbook written he will turn out to be in some ways even more refreshing than the Tory Democrat. Then we are "virtually a nation of infidels." "The strong, the clear-headed, the well-informed . . . the men who really are the nation" are all infidels. It is painful to have to infer from this that Tory Democrats are, or, to be precise, that the Tory Democrat is, an upholder of the views popularly associated with the name of Bradlaugh. Nevertheless, the fact indubitably supports his contention that we are in a parlous state, and, if we cannot find a devout saviour of society, we must even put up with a godless one. What with the prevalence of infidelity and the flitting of Mr. Hyndman's swart brood, it is clear that the Radicals aim at the nationalization of the land, and no one is more convinced than your Tory Democrat that this would be a great misfortune and must somehow be avoided. The question is How?

The first point to be got well into the mind is that the Conservatives are played out. "The significant fact that only once since the great Reform Bill has the Conservative party been in power with a *bona fide* and genuine majority has of late convinced certain thinking men that the political platform and constitution of the party are too narrow and too stationary or reactionary for the national requirements or the national taste." While the thinking men were about it they would have done well to indicate whether the single occasion of a Conservative majority referred to happened in 1841 or in 1874; it is a point on which there is some difference of opinion. But this is by the way. "They perceive," do these

* *Toryism and the Tory Democracy*. By Standish O'Grady, ex-Scholar, Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "History of Ireland." London: Chapman & Hall, 1886.

thinking men, "that by pursuing a certain line the Conservative party have lost" votes in various places. Now votes are a necessity, and therefore the thinking men, of whom Lord Randolph Churchill is by implication declared to be one, hold that the party must "sever those ties and obligations" whereby they are now bound to the support of certain views on certain topics of importance. For instance, Conservatism "must surrender its close connexion with a dependence upon the landed interest." Also, "no doubt he [Lord Randolph] and those who think with him will sever the close connexion now subsisting between Church Establishment and the Conservative party." "With regard to Ireland, too," and in fact generally, since Conservative principles do not pay, the Tory Democrats are going to adopt Radical principles. They are not going to be Radicals though, because, if they were, we should nationalize the land, and plunge into the roaring revolutionary anarchies. There is, it is true, one other thing that the Conservative party might do if it were left to itself. It might "constitute itself irrevocably and in the eyes of all men as the firm and unyielding champion of the rights of property." If it did Mr. O'Grady does not doubt that it "might in the long run triumph"; but that triumph could be attained only "with every noble interest in England and the subject countries sacrificed, and some brutal and abominable despotism in the near future." We do not ourselves understand why it would be so, but it would, and of course no Tory Democrat, or Tory even, would think of triumphing on such conditions as those. Therefore, in a general way Tory Democrats agree with Radicals, and the only remaining problem is to find an effective distinction between them. The solution is this—and this announcement is really the principal purpose of Mr. O'Grady's book—the object of Tory Democrats must be to make the State find every one who chooses to ask for it honourable work and sufficient wages. This is the true panacea, and the stupidity of Radicals has left it open to appropriation by Tory Democrats. Every man knows in his heart, says Mr. O'Grady, that he has a right to have work to do and to be paid when he has done it. Therefore Government ought obviously to find work for those who cannot find it for themselves, and pay them for it. The cry is good; but there is a horrid possibility that the artful Radicals may see the Tory Democrats, and go one better. How if they discover that every man has, and feels in his heart that he has, a right to be boarded and lodged free, so that he may devote his leisure to the most profitable use of the talents bestowed upon him by a bountiful Nature? The spokesman of the Tory Democrats may be right in his opinion that the labouring classes will be persuaded to vote Tory by the hope of State labour rather than Radical by the prospect of land nationalization. But, if he does not want to be dished, he had better see whether he cannot raise his bid before it is too late.

At the end of the handbook there is a chapter called "Ireland and the Hour." It is addressed to Irish landlords, who are rebuked, in the course of two pages, for being "anile," "fatuous," "sorriest," "most ovine," "rotten," "recrunt," "resourceless," "stupid," "degenerate," "outworn," and "effete." If they were not all these things already, they would probably feel at least a little dazed at being addressed by their brilliant fellow-countryman as follows:—"In the normal course of things . . . I see now you should have been wiped out of existence some half-century since—would have been but for England; long since would have fallen down and been forgotten but for the Imperial crutch. It was a fatal crutch, that English one. You were a strong man till you took to it, and it has crippled you." The fatality of the crutch which has prolonged the patient's existence for half a century may not be obvious to all Irish landlords. But then they are so effete. However, kind Mr. O'Grady tells them what to do to avoid destruction. As his method involves (1) spending the same money twice over, (2) having 10,000*l.* a year to begin with, we fear its application will be too limited to do very much good. The landlords may console themselves with the reflection that in Mr. O'Grady's opinion they are "still the best class we have, and so far better than the rest that there is none fit to mention as the next best." Who says Irishmen are not modest?

THE EAST ANGLIAN EARTHQUAKE.*

THE most serious earthquake that had happened in England for three hundred years was an event in the history of the country, and it became important that all available evidence connected with it should be collected in a convenient form. Although a mere trifle compared to some of the great earthquakes of other countries, it was none the less an affair of considerable magnitude, as may be inferred from the statements that its sensible shock extended over an area of about fifty thousand square miles, and that between twelve and thirteen hundred buildings, including twenty churches and eleven chapels, were damaged by it.

Before going into the details of the East Anglian earthquake of 1884, the authors give a list of the principal earthquakes recorded in the annals of Great Britain. The earliest of these occurred in the year 103, in Somersetshire, the only detail being "a city swallowed up." Twenty-nine years later there was an earthquake in Scotland—"men and cattle swallowed up." There

are no more records of swallowings up for nearly a thousand years; but in the meantime during an earthquake in Cornwall in 424 there were "many killed," and another at Canterbury, a few years later, "did great hurt." In 677 an earthquake "destroyed many people and houses," and one at York, in 844, was "very hurtful." In the year 1,000, the swallowing began again, and we read that an earthquake "in Cumberland swallowed up people, cattle, and houses." Within the following twenty years there were earthquakes in Scotland and Cumberland, in both of which there were "much people and cattle lost." There was a "sore earthquake" during three days of the April of 1185, when Lincoln Cathedral was thrown down; and other churches were "overturned" in an earthquake of the year 1246. Then there was an earthquake in 1580, in which buildings were injured and people were killed by falling masonry. One effect of this earthquake was that "Ye great clocke bell in the Palace of Westminster strake of itself against ye hammer with shaking, as diuers clockes and bells in the City and elsewhere did ye like." An earthquake in Scotland "rent several houses and put the people to flight." At the end of the book there is a supplementary list of British earthquakes which have caused structural damage. Of one of these, in 353, it is said that it was "slight. Only nine or ten houses lost." According to this list, there was a terrible earthquake at St. Andrews in 811, which "destroyed most of the town and 1,400 people." A letter to the *London Magazine* in 1760 describes a noise which may have been caused by either a slight shock of earthquake or the bursting of a large meteor, and ends by saying "Whether it was a collection of sulphurous particles or other homogeneous matter, I hope some of your ingenious correspondents will satisfy us in." An old black-letter tract containing "Three Proper & Wittie familiar Letters" and a "pleasant & pithy discourse of the earthquake" describes the famous earthquake of 1580. It mentions the destruction of "divers old buildings and peeces of churches," and alludes to the shock as "making a loude noyse & much adoo," "affrighting the ladies." This happened at Saffron Walden; but "the very like had befallen the next Towne too, being a farre greater and goodlyer Towne," and also "many neighbour Townes & villages about us."

The East Anglian earthquake of 1884 was of the class known to seismologists as No. 8, according to Forel's scale. It seems that, according to Forel's calculation, a very faint earthquake, recorded by a single seismometer, is a No. 1. An earthquake registered by several seismometers of different constructions, and noticed by a few persons at rest, is a No. 2. One whose duration and direction can be noted is a No. 3. One felt by persons moving is a No. 4. When an earthquake shakes furniture, rings a few bells, and is felt by people generally, it is a No. 5. When it wakes sleepers, stops clocks, and rings bells in all directions, it is a No. 6. When it upsets loose objects, makes plaster fall from ceilings, and causes a general alarm, it is a No. 7. When it throws down chimneys and cracks walls, it is a No. 8. When it destroys buildings, it is a No. 9; and when it causes great disasters, it is a No. 10. But, to return to our own No. 8, it may be worth mentioning that the authors calculate that the intensity of the shock was probably about one-twentieth of that of the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755. As far as can be known from existing records, only about five shocks in the British Islands have equalled or surpassed it since the twelfth century. With regard to the force of earthquakes in general, Professor Ewing, who has had the opportunity of studying large numbers of earthquakes in the Plain of Yedo, Japan, says that the "amplitude" of an earthquake of sufficient severity to throw down chimneys and crack walls—a No. 8 in fact—does not exceed a few millimetres; while in many cases the greatest motion is but a fraction of a millimetre. When we remember that a millimetre is only about one twenty-fifth part of an inch, the amplitude of earthquakes seems wonderfully small. An earthquake, he tells us, consists of a very large number of successive vibrations, as many as three hundred having been distinctly registered. These generally begin, and invariably end, very gradually; and it has been observed that in no earthquake which has yet come under scientific notice has one vibration stood out from the rest as greatly larger than those which preceded or followed it.

The immediate cause of the earthquake under notice may have been "the rupture of deep-seated rocks under strain or pressure, such as the sudden production or extrusion of a line of faulting." Such, at least, is the opinion of Messrs. Meldola and White. They calculate the mean velocity of propagation of the shock as having been 9,000 or 10,000 feet per second. The earthquake occurred during what is termed in scientific language "a period of seismic activity." It is interesting to learn that one of the first, if not the first, of this great group of earthquakes took place in January 1881 at the Bridge of Allan, in Scotland. In the course of the following month, at St. Michael's, Azores, a church and 200 houses were thrown down by another, causing considerable loss of life. Some ten days later came the earthquake in Ischia, which destroyed a town and killed more than a hundred people. In less than a month forty-five towns and villages were destroyed by earthquake in the island of Chios, when 4,000 lives are said to have been lost. In the following June thirty-four villages were said to have been devastated by earthquake in Turkey. In August there was another severe and very destructive earthquake in Chios, and in September a few people were killed by the same cause at Abruzzi, in Italy. A series of comparatively minor earthquakes followed during the next two years, and in July 1883 came the disastrous earthquake in Ischia, when nearly 2,000 lives

* *The East Anglian Earthquake of 1884.* By Raphael Meldola and William White. London: Macmillan & Co.

were lost. The same year was made famous in the seismological world by the extraordinary volcanic outburst in the island of Krakatoa, in the Sunda Straits, which lasted from May to October, overwhelming many villages, altering the physical geography of the island, and causing the loss of many thousands of lives. In 1884 there was a large number of earthquakes, among others that of East Anglia, and at the end of it came the earthquake in Spain, in which over 1,000 human beings and 10,000 head of cattle are said to have been destroyed. During these four years and well into 1885 there were many other earthquakes of lesser magnitude.

The East Anglian, like many other earthquakes, was felt on board ship. "Liquids are incapable of transmitting transverse waves, so that the latter would, as it were, be filtered off, and the normal wave alone strikes upwards through the water, giving a ship a blow which has been described as producing a sensation among those on board not unlike that which is caused by a ship striking a sunken rock." As in other earthquakes, again, many people who were walking did not feel the shock, although some of them actually saw structural damage done to buildings. All great earthquakes affect underground waters, and the East Anglian was no exception to this rule. Some streamlets burst out at a place called Cross Farm, and several wells became turbid and muddy. One well rose four feet and another seven feet, the rise being maintained in each case for about six months. As to the direction taken by the earthquake, after quoting a vast amount of evidence, the authors give it as their opinion that the shock may have come from any point between N. and N.E., E. and S.E., S. and S.W., or W. and N.W.; that there may have been a rotary motion, and that there may have been a successive action of two shocks transverse to one another. This appears to us to be allowing a pretty liberal margin. The principal scene of the earthquake was Essex, but it was felt in many other places, the limits of its radius being the Isle of Wight, Exeter, Cheshire, North Lincolnshire, Yarmouth, Ostend, and Boulogne.

In order to obtain as much evidence about the earthquake as possible Mr. White drew up ten questions, which were advertised in the Essex journals. He received in answer 321 letters and postcards. A lady favoured him with a full description of her experiences; but, as she felt the earthquake an hour and ten minutes after it was over, her statements were not of great scientific interest. Another lady felt it an hour and twenty minutes before it began. A gentleman writes that during the "earthquake oscillations," which "followed each other for about three seconds," "I underwent quite a new experience, so vivid that I am not likely to forget it. The sensation approached that of nausea." One correspondent "asserts that a bright steel cork-screw was found tarnished after the earthquake," and another that "as soon as the shock had passed a sulphureous vapour was noticed to arise." But these modern drawers of the long-bow are quite beaten by an old archer who, in recording an earthquake of the thirteenth century, writes of "dreadful thunder and lightning, blazing star, and a comet with the appearance of a dragon, which terrified the people."

The book contains many interesting drawings of the structural damage done to various buildings, and also some maps showing the "sites of structural damage," the area over which the earthquake was felt, the geological area, and the "surface geology of the area of damage." The authors give the evidence that they have collected for what it is worth, without professing to place too much confidence in it. They appear to have expended an immense amount of labour in collecting the materials for their book, and their work is well done. From a literary point of view we own to feeling rather weary of their favourite word—reliable. We constantly read that certain evidence is reliable, and of the unreliability of other evidence. This book is the first volume of the "Essex Field Club Special Memoirs," and the example of the Club in bringing out this series is well worthy of imitation by other local scientific societies. We congratulate the Essex Field Club on their first volume; and while we hope that its successors will be equally interesting, we venture to express a wish that there may be no more Essex earthquakes to record in them.

ANNANDALE'S CONCISE ENGLISH DICTIONARY.*

DICTIONARIES of one sort or another, linguistic, biographical, historical, or what not, seem to be in request at present. The specimen before us is not one of those great works which are built up, like ancient cathedrals, by instalments. It is the everyday kind of dictionary, intended to be "a handy and trustworthy work of reference for all who are content—or have to content themselves—with a dictionary of moderate compass and moderate price." It is a single stout and compact volume, strongly bound, printed on good paper, three columns to a page, and in type which is clear, though necessarily somewhat small. Space is

* *A Concise Dictionary of the English Language, Literary, Scientific, Etymological, and Pronouncing.* Containing a copious Vocabulary with careful Definitions; Explanations of Phrases, Proverbial Expressions, &c.; brief Notes on Synonyms and Grammatical Constructions; and useful Appendices. Based on Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary. By Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D., Editor of Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary, New Edition, &c. London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin: Blackie & Son. 1886.

economized by grouping the primary word with its derivatives and compounds, instead of giving each word a paragraph to itself—a plan which, as the compiler says, besides saving room, "often shows the meaning of the words grouped more satisfactorily than could be done if each were explained by itself." Etymology is treated with sufficient fulness for the wants of ordinary readers; pronunciation is explained upon a system which has, at any rate, the merit of being comprehensible; and the key-words for the different sounds are printed at the foot of the pages, the vowel sounds on one page, and the consonants on the opposite. There is a "Pronouncing Vocabulary" of Greek, Latin, and Scriptural names; and lists of "Geographical Names," "Biographical Names," "Foreign Words and Phrases," and "Abbreviations and Contractions," in which last we are glad to see it laid down that the Y in Y is "a substitute for or representative of the Anglo-Saxon *y* (=th)." If "y" Olde Englysche Faire and such-like mock-medieval developments of the charity bazaar come in fashion again (indeed in remote parts of the country they have not quite gone out), it will now perhaps, with the aid of this Dictionary, be possible to convince the people who take part in them that y is not to be pronounced as if it were the nominative plural of the second personal pronoun. To return to the contents of our Dictionary, there are some prefatory "Hints on English Etymology" which contain much profitable matter, though the uncompromising "Old-English" school will regard the admission of the term "Anglo-Saxon" as a baneful concession to the weak brethren. To "Anglo-Saxon" there is undoubtedly this objection, among others, that at the present moment, between Mr. Freeman and Dr. Murray, nobody knows what it means, or, without express explanation, what anybody means by it. Setting aside the "Anglo-Saxon" question, the following paragraph is especially praiseworthy as combating one of the commonest errors among the half-learned:—

It is probably the fact of our language containing so many extraneous elements, combined with the idea of Anglo-Saxon being a separate language from English, that has led to the popular notion that all English words are "derived" from some foreign source. It is to be feared there are too many persons who, when they learn, for example, that the German *haus* means the same as English *house*, think that in some mysterious way the English word is derived from the German. But this word, and the same of course is the case with a great many others, belongs to the earliest period of the language (Anglo-Saxon); and the reason why similar forms appear in the German and the rest of the Teutonic tongues is because they all have these slightly varying forms as a common inheritance from the primitive Teutonic.

Some remarks on pronunciation are also good, including the observation that "The older sounds are often better preserved in the dialects (as in that of Scotland) than in the modern pronunciation of the educated." We cannot, however, think that the example given of "the modern pronunciation of the educated" is happy. Where "in England" has the author found that "wrought" is now pronounced as *rote*? As in the text of the Dictionary itself he assigns quite another sound to *wrought*, it is possible that in the preface *wrote* may be the word meant; but more care should surely have been taken in giving a typical example. Nor, on further investigation into his system, can we admit that he is justified in representing the vowel heard in *pear*, *there*, to be the same as that in *fate*. It is true that in the prefatory note he explains that, strictly speaking, it "differs slightly." But then what is the good of a key to pronunciation unless it expresses the sounds as they are, "strictly speaking"? However, it is no doubt difficult to find any system which shall be adequate without being too elaborate for ready comprehension.

It is now impossible to write of dictionaries without reference to that of Dr. Murray, which has become the standard by which we judge minor works of the same class. It is necessary to observe that his Part II., which bears date 1885, was actually not out till after this book, which, by a common but unjustifiable artifice of publishers, is dated on the title-page 1886 (though the true date, 1885, is placed at the end of the preface). Consequently we still find the etymology of *Argosy*, "probably from the *Argo*, Jason's ship"; though all the world has now been instructed by Dr. Murray and Mr. A. J. Evans that it is almost certainly *Ragusea*, a vessel of Ragusa, and that "no reference to the ship *Argo* is traceable in the early use of the word." *Arrant* is credited by Dr. Annandale with an "Anglo-Saxon" derivation not acknowledged by Dr. Murray, who treats it simply as a variant of *errant*, an *errant* or *arrant* thief being properly an outlawed robber roving the country, from which locution *arrant* easily acquired the senses of "notorious," "manifest," "down-right," &c. Our author's derivation from "*eargian*, to be timid," leads him to ascribe to *arrant* an obsolete sense of "cowardly," which would make the common expression of "arrant coward" tautology. The researches of Dr. Murray and his coadjutors would also have been of use with regard to the etymology of *arbour* (originally *herber*, a grass-plot, and not connected with *harbour*), *banian* (the tree), and *basket*, in which last case Professor Rhys has cruelly destroyed the belief that *basket* is from an Old-Irish or Old-Welsh word—a derivation upon which important historical theories have been built. That Dr. Murray's book was not out till after his own is, of course, an excellent reason why the author could not make use of it; but for his publishers to postdate his title-page was making him appear unnecessarily behind the times.

Glancing down his columns, a few other remarks occur to us. *Agoy* is a word of such doubtful origin that it would have been better to mark as conjectural the Welsh etymology here given.

As a general rule Welsh derivations are things to be shy of. *Akimbo* is another case (though here the derivation given is Icelandic) where more caution is desirable. In *aghest* the author deserves credit for having pointed out that *agast* "is etymologically the better spelling." So long as it is written *aghest*, people will go on thinking that it is connected with ghosts. *Rhyme* and *rime* both appear, the latter being duly marked as "the more correct spelling"; and *redomontade*, so often misspelt *rhedomontade*, is given in its true form. In the definition of *amaranth*, Dr. Annandale restricts himself to the imaginary flower, apparently forgetting that there are botanical *amaranthus*—"Love-lies-bleeding" and others. Under *asphodel* he speaks only of the real and not of the poetic flower. In another edition we hope to see the barbarism of *arbutus* removed. By inadvertence, we suppose—for there could be no difficulty in tracing it to *Atropos*—the etymology of *atropine* is omitted. *Attainder* being abolished, it would have been well if the definition had been so worded as to mark it as a thing of the past. Under *awful*, the explanation "proceeding from awe" does not very satisfactorily cover the sense in which Milton's "kings sat still with awful eye," or in which, before "Ancient and Modern" superseded "Tate and Brady," the faithful sang "Glad homage pay with awful mirth." "Reverential," "awe-stricken," or, as Dr. Johnson has it, "struck with awe," would have expressed it more happily. The idiom "stand in awe" should also have been given here, or under *stand*. To *establish*, as applied to a Church, requires a more historical treatment than is here given. It is explained as "to set up in connexion with the State and endow." Of course this is what a large class of politicians and controversialists now understand by "established." But it is not historically and accurately the sense of the term when used in connexion with "the Church of England as by law established," which is simply the Church as settled and recognized by law. To expound the relations of establishment and endowment is too great an undertaking for us here; so we will only say that Dr. Annandale's definition will tend to confirm people in the ignorant notion that at some particular moment the State endowed the Church of England. Passing on to *estate* in the next column, we are comforted at finding that the author knows—as every one does not—what are the "Three Estates of the Realm," and does not reckon the King among them. But he should have drawn some distinction between this legal and historical term and its fanciful development in what may almost be called the slang expression of "the fourth estate." As here given, the two phrases appear as of equal dignity and serious import. Making a leap from E to S—for to go straight through is too heavy a labour—we must commend him for his accurate description of *skewbald*, which many educated people confuse with *piebald*. The etymology of the word is a perilous matter, but the first element might safely have been referred to the Middle-English word *skewed*—variegated, mottled. This the author does not notice, placing it under *skew*—oblique. *Soutane*—a word he was not bound to include as English—he defines as "A white woollen cassock worn by the Roman Catholic clergy as an under-garment." What, then, would he make of the famous phrase of Richelieu covering everything with his *soutane rouge*, or of the *soutane violette* of the bishop in M. Octave Feuillet's new story, *La Mort*? Moreover, the ordinary French *soutane*, as worn by men of less degree than bishops and cardinals, is black. We should be more severe upon Dr. Annandale for writing of "elderly females" (this, too, under the good English word *mother*), and of "a female attached to French and other continental regiments" ("vivandière"), were it not that he may plead companions in wrong-doing, the same vulgarity having crept into Dr. Murray's Dictionary under *applewoman* and *barmaid*. We note the omission of *barded* (as in Scott's charger "barded from counter to tail"), the corrupt form *barbed* only being given. Other words or senses which might fairly have claimed a place are—to *bark*, in the figurative and colloquial sense of *abrade*, which must be considered classical since Lord Tennyson's Harold announced "I have but bark'd my hands"; to *fire*, in the farrier's sense of cauterize; and perhaps we may add *sparling* (the fish), which in some parts of England is a much better-known name than that of *smelt*. The French and Latin glossaries, if we had our way, should be cut out, or at least very much cut down. There is no objection to the inclusion of such phrases as *de jure* and *peine forte et dure*, which belong to English law or history; but when they go beyond these glossaries are harmful as encouraging people to interlard their writings with Latin and French snippets they only half understand. A bare translation, without any reference or explanation of the allusion, of such quotations as "Revenons à nos moutons," or "Hoc opus, hic labor est," is of next to no use to anybody, if indeed it is not worse than useless. However, these lists figure on the title-page as "useful appendices," and we suppose that they are an attraction to those persons who desire to acquire the appearance without the reality of learning. For ourselves, in an English Dictionary we should prefer to see the space utilized for fuller explanations of English words.

But to pick holes in a Dictionary is easy; to make it, is a work of the utmost difficulty. In the main this is a highly creditable production, and will, we should think, as the phrase is, "meet the wants" of a large class of readers.

WANDERINGS IN CHINA.*

MISS GORDON CUMMING has written many charming books; and, when it became known that she intended to add to the list an account of her travels in China, the admirers of *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War* and *At Home in Fiji* looked forward to it with pleasurable anticipation. The task is no light one. To give even a sketch of a country forty-four times the size of the United Kingdom, and hardly even now open to explorers, with a population in proportion to its area, with ways so different from every other nation on earth, and with prejudices so sturdy, is an undertaking that might well baffle the skill of the most practised writer. Yet there are hundreds of books about the Middle Kingdom, and every month almost sees a new one. The fact is, nothing is so easy as to write something about so huge a country and so remarkable a people. Any one who can frame a grammatical sentence can do that. Yet the residence of years and the learning of many encyclopædias has too often failed to give home-keeping minds a just estimate of what the Chinese are in their manner as they live. The casual visitor writes an airy account of the narrow lanes of Canton, the filth of Amoy and Shanghai, the dust and the jolting carts of the Peking plain; he denounces the hostility of the rabble, accuses them of all the cardinal sins and some over, and gives a mangled account of customs which he does not understand. On the other hand, the man long domiciled in the country is scarcely more satisfactory. He is altogether overwhelmed by a sense of the vastness of his subject. It is a singular fact that close study of the Chinese is apt to assimilate the student to them, even in personal appearance. Too much Chinese learning makes a man Chinese. He loses sight of broad facts in a characteristic insistence on detail. Instead of the hasty generalizations of the tourist, he pounces on trivial matters, and lingers over them with desperate elaboration. He loses patience with his subject, and abuses the Celestial as roundly as the man who knows nothing about him. Finally, he produces a book which is unreadable where it is comprehensible.

Miss Gordon Cumming has hit the happy mean. It may be at once said that her book will be indispensable to the tourist in China and entertaining and instructive to every resident. The only regret we have is that she did not see more of the country. Naturally she did not go beyond the Treaty Ports; but of these she only tells us at any length of Canton and Foochow. The inhabitants of the "model settlement" will be inclined to resent the way in which she dismisses Shanghai in favour of Ningpo and its surroundings, and unluckily she did not make so long a stay at Peking as no doubt she, and certainly her readers, could have desired. But it was extremely unfortunate that Miss Cumming was unable to stay long enough at Amoy to go up the Lung Kiang, or to prolong her trip up the Min river beyond Foochow as far as the Bohea tea districts, and that she was prevented even from visiting the beautiful island of Formosa will be a source of lamentation to every reader of *In the Hebrides*. Nevertheless, the picture of China and Chinese life that she is able to lay before her readers is a charming one, and gives a better idea of what the country is like and a juster estimate of the character of the people than has yet been laid before the English public. Miss Gordon Cumming was not long in the country, not over six months; but in that short space of time she gathered together an amount of valuable information which is altogether extraordinary even in so practised a traveller and one so able to recognize those who were competent to give it to her. No one who has been in that huge and embarrassingly inquisitive Empire can help admiring her courage and her indefatigable zeal. How many ladies are there in China who would go about in turbulent towns like Canton or Foochow with the hoods taken off their sedan-chairs that they might see the better about them? Timidity would outweigh curiosity in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and yet no one would say they were over-timorous. The most enthusiastic gentleman would hardly get up at a variety of hours between midnight and dawn to be present at a Buddhist or Taoist religious service. Yet Miss Cumming did it constantly, often several times in the same night. She walked about practically alone in the streets of Foochow, Canton, and Peking; she sketched imperturbably in the midst of a crowd of gaping townspeople, and that with an accuracy and skill which are happily reproduced in the illustrations to these two volumes. Altogether we have reason to be proud of our countrywoman, and to thank her for this, the latest and, we are inclined to think, the best of the records of her wanderings. Considering the close contact into which she came with the people, it is as pleasant, as it is unfortunately unusual, in books about China to find that Miss Cumming has none of the abuse too frequently lavished on the sons of Han. It will, no doubt, shock some preconceived notions to find such sentences as "very clean, nice-looking, neatly-dressed women, with glossy hair, and wearing pretty silver ornaments in the shape of butterflies or dragon-flies marked with lucky symbols"; of "a fine old couple and several pretty, gentle girls"; of "a pleasant lot of civil men, always on the look-out to do us any little service they could think of"; and of "a truly hospitable and most friendly family." This conflicts, no doubt, with the stereotyped idea that the Chinaman is inconceivably dirty and objectionable; but we heartily agree with Miss Gordon Cumming. The Chinaman's house is rather a

* *Wanderings in China*. By Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

shock to the visitor coming from neat and tidy Japan, as our author did; but in his person the middle-class Chinese is always spruce and personable, and we are glad that the old parrot-cry has been thus emphatically contradicted, and that by a lady.

After a day at Shanghai Miss Cumming went on to Hong Kong, spent Christmas and New Year there, witnessed the terrible fire of 1878, and then went off to Canton to see the Chinese New Year at that very strange city. Of that fortnight's feasting and recreation, when for once, at any rate, every house is thoroughly scoured out, when offerings are made at every domestic and ancestral altar, and the streets are filled with the incessant and deafening noise of fire-crackers, she gives us a very attractive account. Nothing seems to have escaped her, from the children's New Year toy market to the item from the Chinese code which provides that debts not settled on New Year's Eve cannot subsequently be recovered, but allows the ancient custom enabling a creditor, who has vainly pursued a debtor all through the night, to still follow him after daybreak, on condition that he continues to carry his lighted lantern, as if he believed it was still night. Miss Cumming also gives a very good description of a genuine Chinese house of the best type—an interior not by any means easy to describe:—

It covers so much ground, and there are so many open halls, consisting chiefly of pillars and ornamental roofs, scattered promiscuously about, among paved courtyards, decorated with flowers in pots, and then there are walls pierced by oddly-shaped portals, formed like octagons, or circles, or even teapots, and all placed at irregular intervals, never opposite one another; and then shady morsels of garden, with all manner of surprises in the way of little ponds, and angular bridges, and quaint trees. Then somehow, quite unexpectedly, you find yourself in brightly ornamental suites of small rooms, which seem to have been originally one great room, subdivided by partitions of the most elaborate wood-carving, and furnished with beautiful polished blackwood, and hangings of rich materials.

Such houses are, in fact, the patriarchal encampment of a whole clan, to which all the sons and brothers of the house bring their wives, and there take up their quarters, living together apparently in very remarkable peace.

We were received by our host and half-a-dozen gentlemen of the family, and for some time we sat in a fine open reception-hall, drinking pale straw-coloured tea in its simple form, and playing with a nice little son, the hope of the house. Presently our host (who is very friendly to foreigners, and, from intercourse with them, is less punctilious than most Chinamen on the matter of being seen speaking to his women-folk) led us aside, and presented us to his most kindly and courteous old mother, who conducted us to her apartments, her son accompanying us. He then introduced us to his little bride, aged thirteen. His matrimonial ventures have so far been unlucky, two previous wives having died very early. This one seems a nice, bright little lady. She was very highly rouged, as was also her sister-in-law. Another sister, being indisposed, was not rouged, nor was the mother, and, therefore, pleasanter to our eyes; but the Canton ladies love to lay on the colour thick. There is no deception about it! It is good, honest red, laid thick upon the cheek, and carried right round the eyebrows. The latter are shaved to refine their form. They cannot understand why English ladies should refrain from such an embellishment. Only when in mourning do they refrain from its use, and one notable exception is that of a bride, who on her wedding-day may wear no rouge, so that when her red silk veil is removed and the fringe of artificial pearls raised, her husband, looking on her face for the first time, may know for certain what share of beauty unadorned has fallen to his lot!

But of all eccentricities of personal decoration the oddest, I think, is that of gilding the hair, which, I am told, young Canton girls do on very full-dress occasions. Certainly I do remember a time when some English ladies powdered their hair with gold-dust: but then they owned golden locks to start with, whereas these are all black, and glossy as the raven's wing.

Miss Cumming also tells us of the extraordinary gardens which seem so curious in the heart of a densely crowded city, of the shady trees overhanging cunningly contrived miniature streams and lakes, and of the fanciful bridges, some of them built in zig-zag as an emblem of the much-esteemed national dragon. Animals, also, are not wanting; the deer to symbolize happiness, the peacocks which denote exalted rank, and the geese, emblematic of constancy. But our author does not limit herself to descriptions of what she has seen. Every here and there we have notes of singular customs and valuable information on little known matters. Thus, we are told of the daily market for sucking-pigs in search of a mother. The Chinese farmer will not allow a sow to rear more than a dozen piglings. Therefore, when the litter exceeds that number, which is very often the case, the supernumeraries are conveyed to the sucking-pig market, and there the farmer whose sties have not been so abundantly blessed buys a few of the outcasts to make up the proper number. That the maternal sow may be induced to accept the little strangers, her own litter and the newcomers are sprinkled with wine, and the fragrance of all when they are restored to her so charms her that she accepts the new responsibilities without comment. Again, she tells us of the jade-stone to which the Chinese attach such an extraordinary value. The name is said to be a corruption of a Spanish word, referring to a superstition of the Mexican Indians, who deemed that to wear a bracelet of this stone was the surest protection against all diseases of the loins. Hence the name *pedra di hijada* (stone of the loins), which we have shortened to jade. The Chinese call it *Yu-shak*, and the great mines are in the Kuen-luen mountains, in Turkistan. There are also mines in Northern Burma; but the colour there is seldom of the vivid "rice-field" green which is the most esteemed. Large pieces without a flaw are always reserved for the Imperial tribute, and many of the vases taken from the Summer Palace represented twenty or thirty years' labour, and to a Chinaman were priceless. Miss Cumming has much also that is interesting to tell us of the ancestral worship which is the only real religion of China, of the

"potted ancestors," longevity boards, the All Souls' Festival, the Ten-year festival, and many other curious and interesting matters. The question is a very important one, for ancestor-worship supplies the true key to much that is most interesting and singular in Chinese life and prejudices. The present Emperor succeeded to the throne because it was necessary to have a sovereign junior to the previous boy-Emperor, in order that the necessary worship for the tranquillity of the soul of Tung-chi might be properly carried out. Of this Imperial worship in the great Temple of Ancestors at Peking, Miss Cumming, from notes supplied by Dr. Yates and Dr. Edkins, is able to give us a very detailed account. In addition to this, we are also told of many other ways in which this propitiation of the dead permeates all life in China, affecting even the most trivial details of everyday existence, and contributing largely to the very moderate amount of success that Christian missions have in China. So entirely does ancestral worship take precedence of everything, that the most important officers of State are obliged to retire from public life for a period of many months if one of their parents should die. Even judicial decisions are controlled by this strange faith. When a man is found guilty of a crime worthy of severe punishment, the magistrate, before he passes sentence, inquires whether the parents of the culprit are still living, or how long it is since they died; whether he has any brothers, and, if so, whether he is an elder or a younger son. If either parent has died recently, or if the culprit is an elder or younger son, his sentence will be much lighter than it would otherwise be, as no magistrate would willingly incur the responsibility of subjecting a man to such imprisonment as would compel him to neglect these sacred duties. This danger would naturally be much greater if sentence of death had to be passed, and the judge would probably make large offerings and apologies to the soul of the executed criminal.

It is this ancestral worship, like the caste institutions of India, which is the most formidable enemy the preachers of the Word have to encounter. The man who becomes a Christian abandons, in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, his forefathers for hundreds of years to misery in the world beyond this life. No funeral money is burnt for them, they are destitute even of articles of clothing, and they revenge themselves, not on the erring descendant, but on the country at large. Therefore the Chinaman who becomes a Christian has to face not merely the hostility of his own family, but of all the neighbourhood, and in so far his position is even more dangerous than that of the high-caste Hindoo convert. But the subject is one on which it is profitless to argue. Miss Cumming's descriptions of the various missionary establishments she visited, American, English, and French, Church, Romish, and Sectarian, will be read with interest, but they ought not to raise too enthusiastic hopes.

There is one matter, due to the epistolary form in which our author presents her books, which might with advantage be remedied in a second edition. Miss Cumming repeats herself very frequently. She tells us an astonishing number of times that decapitation is considered by the Chinese the most degrading form of punishment, and other details about temple festivals and the like are reiterated in a way which is hardly necessary. But this is only a very small blemish on a singularly charming book.

PROFESSOR PRESTWICH'S GEOLOGY.*

FIVE years since the teacher of geology felt himself placed in no small difficulty when asked to recommend a text-book for advanced students. Of primers and school-books there was no lack, but after this was almost a blank. Jukes's Manual, enlarged by Dr. A. Geikie, was out of print; Professor Green's work remained incomplete; Lyell's "Student's Manual," written to be supplementary to his famous "Principles," was necessarily imperfect in its design, and was also becoming rather out of date. The void has now been fully occupied, and the teacher may even feel embarrassed by the difficulty of making a choice. First came Dr. A. Geikie's exhaustive volume; this was before long followed by Professor H. G. Seeley's edition—hardly less full in its treatment—of the first part of Phillips's "Geology," which has been lately completed by Mr. Etheridge's volume, in which the remainder of the work is rewritten; and now, following close on the last-named, comes the first instalment of a text-book by Professor Prestwich.

It is difficult for a reviewer, and may be unjust to an author, to notice a work which appears, like the present, in an incomplete form. Geology, it is true, covers a wide field, and can be divided into three, or even four, branches; but these more than march together, for they interlock and have common ground to such an extent that separation is not easy. Till the whole is before us we cannot form an opinion upon one most important qualification of a text-book—the symmetry of treatment and the co-ordination of its several parts. Putting aside, then, this question, we shall notice as best we can the present volume.

It differs from its predecessors in being written with a definite purpose, as stated by the author in his preface:—"The fundamental question of time and force has given rise to two schools, one of which adopts uniformity of action in all time, while the other

* *Geology: Chemical, Physical, and Stratigraphical*. By Joseph Prestwich, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Correspondent of the Institute of France, Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. Vol. I.—Chemical and Physical.

considers that the physical forces were more active and energetic in geological periods than at present." It is of this latter school—the less popular, as he states, in Great Britain—that the author regards himself as an exponent.

It may be doubted whether any such purpose should enter into the conception of a text-book. The author of such a work cannot, we think, too clearly impress upon himself that he is on the Bench, not at the Bar; his function that of the judge, not of the advocate. His first duty is to separate the wheat from the chaff—the hypotheses which have an inductive basis of fact from those which have been evolved by means of a wanton play of the unscientific imagination. His next is to give a summary of the arguments by which each hypothesis is supported, and to indicate the points where these are incomplete or fail to explain all the facts on record.

Thus to write a good text-book requires a very complete knowledge of the subject—otherwise the author may not be able to detect the latent fallacies in an argument on the improbabilities in an assertion. He may be like a common-law judge sitting in a Chancery case for which a very able and not over-scrupulous advocate has been engaged. But, as has been said, geology is a very wide subject, and it is hardly possible for any single man to have an intimate knowledge of its very diverse branches. Unless, then, the author has secured the services of one or two collaborators to supplement his own deficiencies, his book is sure to exhibit some inequality and to fall short of its ideal. This is the case with the present work. It is weakest in those parts where it deals with minerals and rocks, and there are several slips from which the author would have been saved if he had sought the assistance of an expert.

To note a few. The list of minerals and of rocks is rather incomplete; among the latter Phonolite, Dacite, Propylite, Luxulianite are imperfectly defined; Nephelinite, or nepheline-basalt, is omitted; the old mistake about the composition of Protogine is repeated; the author speaks in one place of "lavas and basalts," which, according to his own definition, is something like "dogs and greyhounds." Indeed, perhaps owing to accident, he hardly seems fully to realize that trachytic rocks, if not quite so common as basaltic, are as truly volcanic products as the latter. In regard to these, he proposes to use the term *trap* for lavas which have flowed from fissures, and restricts the latter term to the streams in connexion with volcanic cones. The suggestion does not appear to be a happy one. The term *trap*, owing to its early history, is best left vague, and we do not see what would be gained by connoting under a separate name what is only an accidental difference. Over-distinction in nomenclature, by the accentuation of unessential differences, often leads to confusion rather than to clearness of ideas.

The deficiency referred to on the part of the author, combined with the purpose of his work, which (as catastrophism was in favour with the earlier writers) may be called reactionary, gives rise occasionally to a certain weakness in treatment. As regards his main object, we fail to see that (at any rate in the present volume) he succeeds in proving anything material. We know of no teacher of mark who would maintain that the action of the natural forces at any one district on the earth's surface has always been uniform. The Lyellian proposition, as we understand it, and as we believe it is generally understood, is that, taking the earth as a whole, these forces have acted—at any rate during long ages—as they are now acting. Catastrophes of limited extent, now here, now there, there have been in the past as there are in the present epoch. Nay, the most rigid uniformitarian would admit the probability that as we go very far back in geological history these would become more frequent, and occur on a grander scale; but he would say that, while making this admission as theoretically probable, he could discover no evidence of it, at any rate in the greatest part of the life-record of the earth.

One or two of these "hankerings after a first love" may be briefly mentioned. The author evidently longs to claim fissures as the origin of gorges and valleys, but is obliged to admit that all trace of such rents is gone, and forgets to indicate that, unless a fissure had extended to the margin of the mountain chain or plateau, it would be of very secondary value in facilitating denudation. A like cause, probably, has caused too many pages to be devoted to De Beaumont's theories of the age and relation of mountain chains, though we admit that these at the present day sometimes receive rather less notice than they deserve. But perhaps the most striking instance of this is in relation to a columnar structure in rocks, of which Fingal's Cave and the Giant's Causeway are familiar examples. The author, apparently, is not satisfied with the explanation worked out by Mallet and others, that this structure is the result of contraction in cooling, and seeks to connect it with some kind of crystalline force. In support of this he has no better argument than that some of the constituent minerals of igneous rock crystallize in prisms. But if he were familiar with the microscopic structure of rocks, he would know that there is not the slightest connexion between the disposition of the constituent minerals and the surfaces of the columns; that the former in the rock mass very rarely assume the requisite forms; that a prismatic structure occurs in fine-grained igneous rocks of very varied composition, and even in those which are actually glassy; further, that it is found in sedimentary rocks which have been raised to a rather high temperature and have subsequently cooled down.

The idea that granite has a different origin from other igneous rocks has also taken possession of the author's mind; but he is

more logical in advocating this than many of its supporters, inasmuch as he admits that a similar origin must be assigned to quartzose felsites and trachytes. In support of this, however, we only find the old and often-answered argument about quartz, the oft-quoted analyses, which prove very little, and the old assertions about the passages of one rock into another, which, if the author had independently worked out the question, he would know were unsupported by trustworthy evidence. All igneous rocks may be only sedimentary rocks melted down; but the granites, felsites, and trachytes graduate so completely through the syenites, diorites, andesites, &c., into the more basic members of the series that no separation like the above is possible.

It must not, however, be supposed that in pointing out a few blemishes there is any intention of undervaluing this work. As might be expected from its author's ripe experience as a working geologist and a teacher it is in most respects a valuable one. Some sections strike us as particularly good—those, for example, on "Underground Water," on the action of ice, and on the occurrence and distribution of metals. The author also, as a rule, fulfils the above-mentioned requirement of acting in a judicial capacity, and those instances of advocacy on which we have commented seem to be, for the most part, unconscious rather than deliberate.

The style in which the book is written is simple, clear, and pleasant; the printing and finish of the work, as might be expected from the Clarendon Press, is admirable; many of the illustrations are excellent, particularly those on a larger scale, two or three of which form distinctive features in the volume. It is a book which every geologist must have on his shelves, and, of the three which we have mentioned, it is the one which we should especially recommend to those who seek to obtain a good general knowledge and a clear conception of the science of geology rather than to elaborate its minutiae for professional purposes—in short, it appeals to as wide a circle as do Lyell's "Principles," and in more than one respect it reminds us of that classic work.

THREE NOVELS.*

TO Mrs. Kennard's novel one feels inclined to apply Dr. Johnson's remark as to the dancing dogs, surely though such a comparison may seem. Her preface fairly states the ideas in her mind when she wrote the present book. She wished to record her impressions of hunting—"that sport of kings," as she quotes from the illustrious "John Jorrocks"; and, furthermore, to portray the difficulties young women run themselves into by not sufficiently looking before they leap in matters matrimonial as well as sporting. Now a sporting novel is generally a risky thing, and, at the best, requires as loving handling as Izaak Walton's famous frog; but a sporting novel mixed with modern metaphysics is—we won't say what! Mrs. Kennard's heroine has the advantage of being really a charming little lady, as attractive mentally as physically, and, with her perfect bay horse, Beauty-boy, makes a very pretty picture, though the reiterated allusions to the various charms of the fair rider have a tendency to grow as wearisome as the "points" of the much be-praised horse. Horses are, of course, most important elements in a sporting novel, and are naturally entitled to their fair share of notice; but Mrs. Kennard abuses her privileges in this respect, dilating at such length and minuteness on the excellencies of her characters' studs (they all possess one horse, and generally several), that it is difficult to avoid a fancy that the human characters are dragged in solely to show off the generous brutes, and that both are there simply to display the writer's familiarity with "oxers," bullfinches, water-jumps, &c., and her intimate acquaintance with the slang of the stable-yard and the hunting-field. Valentine Beverly is the daughter of an old country baronet, whose fortunes are on the decline, and who, finding hunting too expensive for his purse, has taken to palæontology and evolution, and has in consequence (we wonder why?) become a sceptic. He, a fine old fellow in his way, allows his daughter to engage herself to a certain Lord Blaston, about as unpleasant a snob as any author ever evolved from his (or her) inner consciousness. Lord Blaston appears to have carried on a flirtation with Miss Beverly to every limit short of actually proposing the previous winter, only to disappear at the close of the hunting season in obedience to his mamma's commands, who, considering her hopeful's tastes and his reduced income, demurs at the prospect of a daughter-in-law whose face is pretty nearly her sole fortune. He reappears, however, announcing his arrival in a short note that seems utterly to upset the heroine's common sense, and, finding the said heroine in the stable, petting the famous Beauty-boy, without the smallest apology or reason for his previous silence, he then and there proposes in the following fashion:—"A sudden intoxication stole over Lord Blaston. . . . The situation his mother had feared and foretold came

* *Killed in the Open*. By Mrs. Edward Kennard, Author of "The Right Sort," "Straight as a Die," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

Alicia Tennant. By Frances Mary Peard, Author of "The Rose Garden," "Near Neighbours," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

Mrs. Dorrman. By the Hon. Mrs. H. W. Chetwynd, Author of "Life in a German Village," "The Dutch Cousin," "A March Violet," "Bom and Butterflies," &c. &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

about, and he had not the strength to resist temptation. Without pausing to think what he was doing, he suddenly seated himself by his companion's side, put his arm round her waist, and pressing his lips fiercely against her smooth cheek, cried:—“Oh! Valentine, darling, how pretty you are! You are a long way the prettiest and the nicest girl I ever saw in my life!” The young lady at once accepts. Now we do not for one moment profess that a well-kept stable may not be a first-rate *locale* to propose in, but we do hold that a girl who accepts a man after he has behaved to her as Lord Blaston is described as doing has little cause to blame anything but her own folly if her future is not altogether a happy one. Lord Blaston's anger is not unnatural when, a few months later, he finds himself jilted on the score of incompatibility of temper and feelings, with both of which her previous acquaintance must have made Miss Beverly pretty familiar; for, to do the noble lord justice, he does not seem to have possessed even a veneer of decent manners. The fact, which he discovers, of the young lady's having in the meantime fallen in love with another and a richer man is also not calculated to soften the bitterness of his feeling on the subject. This other lover is a certain Allan Macdonald who serves as a foil to the lord, whose aristocratic vice and brutality are contrasted sharply with the manly courtesy and kindheartedness of the commoner. This embodiment of middle-class virtue, who has been called from a stool in a merchant's office to succeed to a large estate and 12,000*l.* a year by the death of a cousin, possesses every virtue under the sun (except life), even attaining a knowledge of horseflesh and a familiarity with stable slang only second to that of the author herself. He utters sentiments as irreproachable as those that provoked Sir Peter Teazle's ire, and is altogether the pattern young man who rewards the heroine's patient sufferings, and solves her pecuniary difficulties—in novels! With all this Mrs. Kennard possesses a certain power of describing character, and if her men are not very real, her women, on the contrary, are very lifelike, and some of them charming. It is rather a pity that the author so persistently takes it for granted that women are invariably jealous of and incapable of admiring each other's good looks. She herself appreciates and describes pretty women too well to give in to such cant. One remark of hers we heartily endorse:—“A man who has no taste for risqué stories and who does not pretend to see objectionable witticisms in every harmless remark is one who will always gain the confidence of all true women. It is just possible that, if more men comprehended this fact, social intercourse in the nineteenth century might not only be considerably pleasanter and freer (in the right sense of the word) than it now is, but also very much improved.”

Alicia Tennant is the very prettily-told tale of a wasted life. There is nothing forced or strained about it; there are absolutely no bad characters; every one behaves as conscientiously and properly as people can behave; and yet between them they crush out the unlucky little heroine's life as completely as if they had been the most stony-hearted and tyrannical of (stage) parents. The terrible thing about the story is the extreme naturalness of all its incidents. The very same tragedy goes on in real life before our eyes constantly. Sometimes a kindly Providence interposes and saves the hapless victim—sometimes, as in our story, it does not, and then the really loving friends and kindred stand round and bewail “the delicacy of constitution,” “the unwholesome lives led in these days,” &c., which have robbed them of their darling, and not one in a hundred realizes, fortunately for themselves (however it may be perhaps for their neighbours!), that they are morally as responsible for the death they so honestly deplore as if they had come upon the child with Queen Eleanor's jealous alternative of the dagger or the bowl! From the moment the story opens poor little Alicia's fate is evident. She is clearly fore-ordained to go to the wall against which her people are so tenderly and lovingly crushing her, though at almost any time a little resolute action on her part might have saved her. But of such action the girl is evidently and hopelessly incapable. To the average self-asserting modern damsels gentle, timid, little Alicia Tennant may seem an impossibility; but their elders know better. We have advanced on the road to liberty (some heretics call it license!) and women can no longer be actually dragged, as in olden times they have been, to the altar, and by sheer force obliged to consent to a union they detested, but there is still, even in these days, a moral compulsion very difficult to resist; and many a fashionable church, could its walls speak, might tell of brides as thoroughly coerced into marriage as any moyen-âge maiden of romance, literally held before the priest, and forced to give by signs the consent her lips refused to utter.

Lady Margaret Graham's pitying contempt for the timid irresolute girl who has “such a capacity for fitting into the groove presented to her,” and that bright happy lady's despairing impatience over the somewhat tiresome excellence of Mr. Lynne, the “groove” in question, are alike capitally drawn. So, in fact, are all the characters, from clever, good-hearted, and eccentric Geoffrey Tennant, who bullies his reluctant aunt into submission by the threat of electric lights for her pet boudoir, down to Dolly Graham, who evidently will profit by the lesson her mother learns from Alicia's fate. They are all lovable people—people one would like to meet and know, though it is just a little doubtful if the characters one appreciates most in the book would in real life be our favourites. Mr. Lynne's real goodness and unselfishness would certainly be marred, as they are in the story, by his intense propriety and his incapacity for real generous feeling; but Alicia herself, sweet and dainty as she is, might be exasperat-

ing from the feebleness which makes such very molehills into insurmountable Alps; whilst Major Sanderson's power of hiding his feelings would lead any one less intimately acquainted with him than we are, thanks to our author, to imagine that he had none at all. The book is one to read, and though its main interest is; for there is plenty of quiet fun, and a very quaint power of understanding and describing character.

Mrs. Chetwynd's novel, *Mrs. Dorrinan*, is an immense advance on her previous stories, pretty though these undoubtedly were. It depends more on its description of motives and feelings than its story, although the latter is fairly strong. The author excels in her description of selfishness, and she does not in this book neglect her favourite vice; but yet she forces us to a grudging compassion for the egotists. In spite of his harshness and positive dishonesty, we find ourselves pitying dour, imperious Mr. Sandford, when at last we discover the causes that have made him what he is. The two sisters, Grace and Margaret, are excellent. The struggles of the lately emancipated, spoiled schoolgirl to assert her superiority are capitally told, though one cannot but resent the sorrow her childish selfishness entails on poor Margaret. We are thankful to find Mrs. Chetwynd sufficiently old-fashioned to lift a little the crape curtains that enfold Margaret Drayton after her useless self-sacrifice, and to allow us to anticipate a brighter future for the poor girl after her manifold trials. It may reasonably be foreseen without any immense power of prophecy that Paul Lyon's married life will be a very chequered, even if a loving one.

CARLYLE.*

MR. LARKIN, who is already the author of books respectively called *Extra Physics* and *The Mystery of Creation*, has given in his present volume an extra dose of Carlyle and has created the mystery of a secret which, whether open or shut, is certainly no secret at all. He has, indeed, made a ponderous contribution to the huge cairn of commemorative matter which oppresses poor Carlyle in his grave. Yet the real bulk of that strange monument is, in fact, not so much increased by his addition to it as might be supposed; for a large amount of his material is, in fact, borrowed from that which has been edited by Mr. Froude. Pages and pages are bodily taken from the *Reminiscences*, *Life in London*, and *Letters and Memorials*, as well as from Carlyle's own works; and this is done to such an extent that the volume is largely made up of extracts and running commentaries upon them. Without them, indeed, it would be a very dull book, and with them it is anything but an instructive or amusing one. Expectation is, of course, raised by the alluring title of the volume; but it is destroyed when it is discovered that the vaunted open secret is only that Carlyle was not a mere writer or book-seller's hack, but that he really had a lofty desire for fame and an ambition to do something by his writings to influence men in their lives and acts. He would rather have been making history than only writing history, and he undertook all his authorship with pangs of rooted dislike and reluctance, only to be overcome by the consciousness that he was attempting to take part in the life of his age, and that he was striving to teach his fellow-men to have a proper sense of their rights and duties. Of the absolute and simple truth of all this no one surely ever can have doubted who has had the most moderate converse with Carlyle's writings. What has been stated as the sum of Mr. Larkin's wonderful discovery has not down to the present time been a hidden enigma, and it imparts to those who are for the first time now supposed to be made acquainted with it no enlightenment or surprise. But what has been plain enough to all the rest of the world who have read Carlyle seems to have been very difficult to Mr. Larkin's understanding, and he has accordingly passed in review all Carlyle's works, from the first to the last, in order to get to the bottom of a mystery which is entirely of his own manufacture. Sometimes, indeed, he has rewritten him, and, as in the instance of Oliver Cromwell, has explained how much better he, Mr. Larkin, could have dealt with that inscrutable and most remarkable personage. It is Jules Janin and Shakspeare over again, when the clever French critic, after having shown what the character of the fat knight really was and how it ought to have been treated, exclaimed, “Ah! Vill Shakspeare, tu as gâté mon Falstaff!”

The information is given by Mr. Larkin that Carlyle accepted the help proffered by him in indexing and summarizing his works, and notably in the preparation of the *History of Frederick* for publication, and making himself generally useful, for all which he appears to have been paid. But he now seems to repent of thus having become familiar with “a house of weary sorrow,” and of having had to undergo “a mingled experience of grateful acknowledgment and disheartening exigency.” Truly Carlyle has not been altogether fortunate in the friends who, whether appointed by him to the task or self-constituted, have become his biographers; and Mr. Larkin in this book has failed to show that his necessary intimacy with the great man, to whom he insisted upon tacking himself for a time, has put him in possession of any novel or interesting materials for elucidating the problem of his life. He has written nothing that might not have been compiled by any one

* *Carlyle, and the Open Secret of his Life.* By Henry Larkin, Author of “*Extra Physics*,” “*The Mystery of Creation*,” &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

fairly well read in Carlyle's own writings and the already published biographical works concerning him, and who had never been within a thousand miles of the well-known house in Chelsea, and had never met a single friend or acquaintance of its occupant, or had any other special means of knowledge. What he has written about him is not marked by much appearance of affection or real esteem. According to Mr. Larkin, Carlyle "never could, like Luther or like Cromwell, look to the duty and work in hand with perfect simplicity and singleness of eye." And, again, "A lurid self-consciousness, half smoke, half flame, clung to him through life; but the amount of smoke he faithfully converted into clear flame for us, could and can be known only to himself, and to his Maker and ours." The amount of lurid nonsense in the latter part of this wonderful sentence is probably not known to the self-consciousness of Mr. Larkin, but it cannot fail to flame out very visibly to his readers. Yet in other places Mr. Larkin claims for Carlyle that he had a very clear notion of what he considered the one thing needful for practical success in all human enterprise, and maintains that good fruit has been borne from the seeds scattered by him. All this, of course, shows the extreme difficulty of explaining Carlyle's true character, with all its contradictions and opposing phases; and, also, it illustrates the presumption of attempting to do so without possessing the necessary competence for successfully undertaking such an arduous task.

Mr. Larkin states that elsewhere he has told the story of his ten years' constant and intimate intercourse. It is "an open secret" that this refers to a certain article, bearing the writer's signature, which appeared five years ago in a well-known quarterly periodical, soon after the publication of the "Reminiscences." With them Mr. Larkin then expressed himself as being painfully shocked, and as glad to have really known the man himself. Some letters from Carlyle and his wife were then printed by Mr. Larkin, but they are not among the best specimens of his hitherto published correspondence. Nor did Mr. Larkin then display himself as a capable biographer, or as a wise and really attached friend. Carlyle there, also, is accused of misreading Cromwell, and is accused outrightly, not merely of disingenuousness, but even of untruthfulness in his treatment of him. In his present volume, too, Mr. Larkin can never praise his strangely adored hero without burning some offensive drug along with his incense. When he mentions Carlyle's humour it is evident how little he could appreciate it; for, admitting its rich abundance, he says it was never playful like Shakespeare's or Thackeray's, but always either grim or sadly pitiful, a description which is utterly wanting in general fidelity and power of discrimination. Finally, as might have been expected by any one who has read the earlier portions of his volume, Mr. Larkin rips up again the story of the friendship with Lady Ashburton, with all the consequent misunderstandings, and the generally sad life of Mrs. Carlyle; but he cannot be congratulated upon having added anything worth having to the knowledge, of which the public are already in possession, about Carlyle, and of which, perhaps, the public has already had a trifle too much. Neither can he be considered as having done anything to raise the general estimation of Carlyle's character, or calculated to throw any fresh light upon it, by the utterances made in his own character of the candid friend.

MR. PATMORE'S POEMS.*

IT must be a very pleasant moment for a poet of recognized position when his publisher first tells him that there is a call for a cheap edition of his works. In the pretty preface to the 1849 collection of his poems Leigh Hunt tells us that, when he was a boy at school, he used to look at Cooke's edition of the poets, in pocket volumes, "and to fancy that, if ever he could produce anything of that sort in that shape, he should consider himself as having attained the happiest end of a human being's existence." The cheapness of the form is a confident appeal to a wider audience than has yet been reached; and the collection itself gives the poet a chance, which he may never have enjoyed before, of seeing his entire work, or as much of it as he determines to preserve, arranged in proper sequence, and isolated from the verse of other men. Mr. Patmore has tasted this pleasure and has undergone this responsibility, and the two pretty volumes before us invite a consideration of his general claim to attention as an English writer.

Mr. Patmore gives us a few dates which possess an interest to students of his writings. It appears that "The River" and "The Woodman's Daughter," the most remarkable of the pieces which were included in his earliest publication, the *Poems* of 1844, were written in 1839. At that time Lord Tennyson, known to a little clan solely as the author of *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, had not developed the simplicity of his second manner, and we have therefore to go back to an earlier influence as that under which Mr. Patmore started. His first pieces, indeed, are strikingly Wordsworthian, and he began to write at the very time when Wordsworth was most of a vital force among young people. Later on, in *The Angel in the House*, a Tennysonian strain, it cannot be questioned, made itself felt in Mr. Patmore's style. Of recent years it is Milton whom he has most clearly taken as a master. But there is nothing which betokens irresolution in

this very reasonable progress. From Wordsworth, through Tennyson, to Milton, would be the natural evolution of a poet with Mr. Patmore's proclivities in prosody. These earliest pieces of which we speak—those of 1839—were as full as the latest odes of those clear touches of natural description which have always formed a main superficial charm of Mr. Patmore's style. At the age of sixteen, we find, he could already see with the eye of a master how

The plain and polished River flows,

and how

The pike, as trackless as a sound,
Shoots through the waters dun.

As we all know, these touches of description are particularly frequent and excellent in *The Angel in the House*. We find in the volumes before us the final form which this poem is to take, after all the vicissitudes it has gone through. The *Eposouals* and *Faithful for Ever*, as the reader will discover, have been absorbed into the earlier work, as Mr. Bailey has absorbed so many of his writings into *Festus*; *The Victories of Love* remains as an independent poem. While reading *The Angel in the House* again, we find ourselves confirmed in our opinion that the unique charm and value of this poem rest in the preludes and epigrams that form a framework to the narrative. We do not say that we deny merit to the latter; it would be rash to say that a poet who can tell a story so clearly as Mr. Patmore can should be prevented from doing so; but the passages which really dwell most in the memories of lovers of poetry are not those in which the ways and manners of the Deanery are described.

We are afraid that Mr. Patmore will by no means agree with us when we say that we cannot help wishing that *The Angel in the House* had closed at the end of the eleventh canto, or, at most, had proceeded to the last line of the little piece called "The Amaranth." We believe that the popular estimate of those who attack this poem as nuptial and insipid, and as dwelling on trivial features of life, is mainly founded on expressions in the last half-dozen pages. It is here that we find the scene where the sand-shoes are tried on, the visit to Frederick Graham's ship, and the dreadful "gift of wine" left at Widow Neale's. The intention of these pages is clear enough. The poet desires to prove to us that the ecstasy and dignity of love may be preserved after the mystery of it has passed away; but we should prefer that he would tell us so in prophetic utterance rather than in somewhat vapid anecdote. We assure Mr. Patmore that the last pages of *The Angel in the House* have taught the enemy to blaspheme.

We hope not to seem bent on fault-finding when we say that we consider *The Victories of Love* as scarcely doing honour to Mr. Patmore's name. This poem is a continuation, or rather an amplification, of the story previously told in *The Angel in the House*, and now retold from various less stimulating points of view. It has very considerable cleverness, and some pages worthy of its author. But there are too many mere eccentricities—like the famous description of the man who

treads the Wall
Of China, and, on this hand, sees
Cities and their civilities;
And, on the other, lions;

too many sacrifices to the claims of narrative, such as

I write to say
Frederick has got, besides his pay,
A good appointment in the Docks;
Also to thank you for the frocks
And shoes for Baby. I (D.V.)
Shall soon be strong;

and too many clever reflections, noted in an ugly way, like

Have you not seen shop-painters paste
Their gold in sheets, then rub to waste
Full half, and lo! you read the name?
Well, Time, my dear, does much the same
With this unmeaning glare of love—

to make the poem in which these occur fit to compare with the polished and finished grace of *The Angel in the House*.

It was in the collection of his odes, called *The Unknown Eros*, that Mr. Patmore first put forth his whole strength. This book has never been a favourite with the public, and we question if any volume of our own day, so full of poetry of a very high order, remains so obscure. We hope that the republication of these odes in the present collection may lead to their being studied to more purpose. In *The Unknown Eros* Mr. Patmore threw off the travesty of his narrative-manner, and spoke no longer with the conventional accents of his Frank Vaughan or Jane Graham. He disclosed himself as a mystic, as a visionary enthusiast, as a metaphysician of the class of St. John of the Cross or St. Teresa. The form in which he wrote repelled the public and scandalized some critics, who believed these odes to be as licentious in structure as those which Cowley called "Pindarique." The poet has never, so far as we are aware, defended or explained his practice; but to the broad student of English literature their relation to the Elizabethan madrigal and to the early spiritual canzonets of Milton cannot be obscure, nor the influence upon them of the latest, that is to say the rhymed, choruses in *Samson Agonistes*. It must be an ear singularly constituted which finds discord, or even momentary cessation of the most exquisite harmony, in "At a Solemn Music," which, nevertheless, is as licentious in form as Wordsworth's *Immortality Ode*. Similarly, we know no recent poetry which has more of the Dorian elevation

* *Poems*. By Coventry Patmore. Collective edition. 2 vols. London: Bell & Son. 1886.

and tender dignity of movement than Mr. Patmore's ode called "A Farewell." If we read this poem aloud, however, we discover at once the charm and the danger of this species of writing. The secret of scanning it correctly appears to lie in the due observance of the pauses indicated by the various length of the lines. The longest line in the poem is the norm for all the others, and the poet intends the reader to dwell upon a line of two syllables during as long a time as would be required to read one of ten syllables. In such essentially delicate work as this it is easily to be conceived that the writer, as well as the reader, may not always be happily inspired. It is only candid to admit that there are certain strophes in *Samson Agonistes* where the science, if it exists, is so excessively subtle that for all practical purposes the verse is positively unmelodious. We are bound to suppose that Milton, being human, and then very old, did not on these occasions transfer to mortal language the music that he felt moving in his brain. Had he been employing a defined and conventional measure, it is possible that we should not be distinctly conscious of any lapse in melody, but the severer test entails the completer failure. We propound this theory to explain why it is that so very learned a musician in metre as Mr. Patmore undoubtedly is, should apparently be as well satisfied with the broken and ragged verse of "Peace" as with the refined melody of "The Azalea" or "Amelia."

We are very unwilling, however, to seem to part with so excellent a poet as Mr. Patmore on any terms less cordial than those of complete sympathy, and we therefore will not close this review, in which we have desired to call attention to a very welcome publication, without quoting one of his odes from *The Unknown Eros*. We should think little of the taste or accessibility of the reader who was not captivated by its poetry and melted by its pathos. It is entitled "Departure":—

It was not like your great and gracious ways!
Do you, that have none other to lament,
Never, my Love, repent
Of how, that July afternoon,
You went,
With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
And frighten'd eye,
Upon your journey of so many days,
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye?
I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon;
And so we sat within the low sun's rays,
You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,
Your harrowing praise.
Well, it was well
To hear you such things speak,
And I could tell
What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,
As a warm south wind sobs a March grove.
And it was like your great and gracious ways
To turn your talk on daily things, my dear,
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash
To let the laughter flash,
Whilst I drew near,
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
But all at once to leave me at the last,
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,
And frighten'd eye,
And go your journey of all days
With not one kiss, nor a good-bye.
And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd;
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

At the end of the second volume Mr. Patmore prints his "Essay on English Metrical Law," which has several times already appeared since it was first published in 1856. It is a valuable contribution to the science of prosody.

SALAMBO.*

WHEN an enterprising publisher passionately begs you to beware of piratical imitations and dins the merits of his own wares into your ears, you naturally have a friendly feeling towards the object of his abuse. Messrs. Saxon and Co. have prepared the way for the rival translation of *Salammbo* in this very fashion. With what confidence of assertion, with what profusion of advertisement, with what lavish citation of authority they have informed the world that their translation of Flaubert's historical novel is the best, is unknown to nobody. Within the last few days Prince Malcom, Persian Ambassador, has been brought forward as a voucher by the side of Professor Max Müller and Mr. Stanley. Now at last the work we were to beware of has appeared, and in due course we are aware of it.

It is with very great pleasure we are able to declare that this second translation, the work of Mr. Chartres, and published by Messrs. Vizetelly, is very much the better of the two. No reasonable man will expect that it should be altogether worthy of the original. Only a translator who had Flaubert's own wonderful ear, and painful sense of all that is meant by the word style, could hope to give an English *Salammbo* which should be an equivalent of the original. Such a writer would probably find other work to do than the drudgery of translation. But Mr. Chartres has at least shown that he knows French, is not ignorant of English, and can write a sentence which runs with a fairly harmonious flow. To show the relation of his translation to its rival and to the

original, we shall quote the first few lines of all three. The beginning of *Salammbo* is a very good test passage:—

C'était à Mégara, faubourg de Carthage, dans les jardins d'Hamilcar. Les soldats qu'il avait commandés en Sicile se donnaient un grand festin pour célébrer le jour anniversaire de la bataille d'Eryx, et comme le maître était absent et qu'ils se trouvaient nombreux, ils mangeaient et ils buvaient en pleine liberté.

Such is the French, now for Mr. Sheldon:—

It was at Megara, in the suburbs of Carthage, in Hamilcar's gardens. The soldiers whom he had commanded in Sicily had been accorded by the Grand Council a great feast to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Eryx.

Now for Mr. Chartres:—

It was at Megara, a suburb of Carthage, in the gardens of Hamilcar. The soldiers whom he had commanded in Sicily were having a great feast to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Eryx, and, as the master was away, and they were numerous, they ate and drank with perfect freedom.

It is hardly necessary to ask which of the two is nearest to the French. Turn over the page and an abundance of equally instructive parallel passages are to be found. Gustave Flaubert says of Hamilcar's palace that "avec ses portes rouges écartelées d'une croix noire, les grillages d'airain qui le défendaient en bas des scorpions, et ses treillis de baguettes dorées qui bouchaient en haut ses ouvertures, il semblait aux soldats dans son opulence farouche aussi solennel et impenétrable que le visage d'Hamilcar." This is "Englished" as follows by Mr. French Sheldon—"Its red doors quartered by a black cross protected at the base from scorpions by brass grillages, and the openings at the top by trellises of golden baguettes—seemed to the soldiers, in its display of barbaric opulence, as solemn and impenetrable as Hamilcar's face." Mr. Chartres says that with "its red doors quartered with black crosses, its brass gratings protecting it from scorpions below, and its trellises of gilded rods closing the apertures above, it seemed to the soldiers in its haughty opulence as solemn and impenetrable as the face of Hamilcar." Where Mr. Sheldon talks of the mercenaries as squatting on their haunches "round large plateaus," Mr. Chartres says that they "ate squatting round large trays." These quotations are enough to show which of the two versions is most accurate, and we shall quote only one other. Mr. Chartres does not think that "sablés dans leurs ceinturons de fer" means "girding on their iron sword-belts." He translates it "girthed in their iron waist-belts." We think we have said enough to show which of the two translations Mr. Stanley, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Professor Max Müller, and Prince Malcom would have done best to praise.

If Mr. Chartres ever reaches a second edition, we should advise him to revise some of the statements in his preface. No more inaccurate piece of criticism was ever penned than this. "It is no small merit in *Salambo* that all its wealth of detail is rarely oppressive, and that the human interest distinctly dominates throughout." Now one may honour Flaubert, and within bounds love *Salammbo*, and we for our part do both, and yet find that what is conspicuously wanting in it is precisely this same human interest.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

NO novel of M. André Theuriet's can well help being greatly superior to the average books of the day, and it is seldom that any novel of his is inferior to anything that has recently been produced, even much above the average. We do not know that *Helène* (1) exhibits his faculty at its best. The opening scenes (describing the life of a somewhat degraded country squire in the Loire district who has quarrelled with his wife, and is only occasionally visited by his daughter) are, indeed, of the author's best kind; but the main interest of the book seems to us to fall a little short. Wives who let themselves be tormented by their sisters-in-law are generally themselves a good deal to blame, and in other respects the misfortunes of *Helène de la Roche-Élie* appear to us to be to a great extent home-made. M. Édouard Delpit has taken up something the same kind of theme as M. Feuilleton in *La morte*, but, having less skill, he has exaggerated his treatment. He is quite right to be on the side of the angels, but it is a well-ascertained mistake in art to paint your devils too black. The anti-Christian and Republican characters of *Les fils du siècle* (2) combine their crimes and faults in a rather impossible—at any rate in a very improbable—manner. The suggestion that any man or woman who is unorthodox in politics and religion will habitually commit all the seven deadly sins, as well as seventy times seven faults of manners and taste, is, when it comes to be applied to facts, more damaging than beneficial to the argument against unorthodoxy. *Qui trop embrasse*—but we need not quote the proverbs of his own country to a French novelist. Even M. Feuilleton's heroines was thought overdrawn by some persons, and there was, liberally speaking, only one of her. M. Delpit's fiends are legion. We are glad to welcome a return to a good old wholesome style of fiction in M. Oswald's *Trésor des Bacquancourt* (3). A buried treasure, a rummage for it, an attempt to bury alive, a fight for life with rats, victory for virtue, and a restoration in India are good caterings for the class of customer, and M. Oswald accommodates his cates by no means unscientifically. His shield appears to be blank hitherto, and he is welcome

* *Salambo: a Realistic Romance of Ancient Carthage*. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated from the French édition définitive by J. S. Chartres. London: Vizetelly & Co.

(1) *Helène*. Par A. Theuriet. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Les fils du siècle*. Par E. Delpit. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Le trésor des Bacquancourt*. Par F. Oswald. Paris: Ollendorff.

in the lists. The author of *Bernard l'assassin* has produced a second book rapidly. Like his first, *M. de Morat* (4) is but of chequered goodness. A kind of *chassé-croisé* of loves, virtuous and the contrary, with a duel at the end, consolation stakes for a widow, and forgiveness for another kind of person, provides entertainment neither novel nor very particularly wholesome. But M. Tarbé here, as before, shows talent in his characters and conversations. *Pacha* (5), relating the misadventures of a would-be libertine, has a touch of rather broad farce, as has its complementary tale, *Au tombeau des goujons*, where a husband, having shot "l'autre" and tried to shoot himself, becomes the best of friends with his supplanter in the hospital to which they have been removed. But both are amusing and not unwholesome in tone, though both would be the better for a little cutting, and though neither is the book which some day or other we expect from the author of *Pitchoun*. *Mademoiselle Pomme* (6) is a pitiful story, somewhat in the manner of Alexandre Dumas the son, relating the misfortunes and death of a girl whose only fault is that she is the daughter of a *déclassée* of a very bad kind. It shows some power, and the author may do better with a healthier class of subject. As for M. Légi-Bersœur (7), he has injured his book, from the point of view of good taste, though perhaps he has improved it from the point of view of popularity, by dragging in a catastrophe à la Mme. Clovis Hugues. This sort of "reportage," to our thinking, deprives a novel of almost its whole interest. But for it the story of the intrigues of a Jewish stepmother with a private inquiry agent, first to hinder her stepdaughter's marriage in order to retain the enjoyment of her fortune, and then for even more rascally ends, would have some attraction, and a different termination could have been arranged with the greatest possible ease. On the other hand, M. Léon de Tinséau has acquitted himself in *Madame Villeféron jeune* (8) not unworthily of that pretty story, *L'attelage de la marquise*. The novel turns on the reluctance of a doctor to let his son marry into a family where there is madness, and it is diversified by abundant but not excessive sketches of Oriental life. The lady who calls herself Paria Korigan has collected several stories of varying merit in the volume entitled, from the first of them, *Une passion* (9). "Le chat enragé" is a grisly legend surpassing even in horror a story of a similar subject which used to be told to us in our infancy by one of our oldest aunts. "L'enlèvement d'Holopherne" has some comedy, but it wants a rather lighter touch. As for *Pile-de-Pont* (10), it is a collection of sketches rather than stories, illustrated by other sketches in black and white also, but in lines not letters. The illustrations are, on the whole, better than the text.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AMONG recent books and pamphlets relating to Ireland one of the most useful is the Hon. A. S. G. Canning's *Revolted Ireland*, 1798 and 1803 (W. H. Allen & Co.). The leading political features of the rising of 1798 have been persistently misunderstood by the majority of historians. Lord Macaulay speaks of that rebellion as "a rising up of the aboriginal population against the colony," and more than once likens it in its origin and issues to the wars of 1641 and 1689, observing it was "a rising not less formidable" than those. It is the great merit of Mr. Canning's book that, though a mere compilation and of the slightest literary pretensions, it is a thoroughly impartial epitome of history and a complete demonstration of the error of this view of the '98. The leaders of the society of United Irishmen were themselves for the most part of British blood and belonged to the colony against which it has been assumed that they fomented rebellion. The rising they instigated was entirely free from the religious element, and therefore quite distinct from the outbreak of 1689, which was strongly Catholic and dynastic. The heads of the great Roman Catholic families equally with the chief ecclesiastical dignitaries held aloof from a conspiracy against British rule which aimed at the establishment of a Jacobin Republic based on French revolutionary doctrine. The alliance of Wolfe Tone and his followers with French Jacobins proved, as events showed, an insuperable barrier to anything like a national rapprochement of Irish Catholicism. Such exceptions to the cold and cautious attitude of the clergy as the militant priests Roche and Murphy, who are made to play so picturesque a part in Mr. Froude's pages, prove nothing but the rule. Mr. Canning's clear and dispassionate inquiry is of great value just now. The application of the historical lesson to the present political situation is plain and legible on every page, and not the less obvious because of the writer's entire freedom from any didactic aim. The hotbed of disaffection is no longer, as in 1798, among the Presbyterians and Ulster revolutionary doctrinaires, while foreign sympathy

with the new Jacobins is transferred from France to America. The most important change, however, is in the action of the Catholic clergy, which is wholly opposed to the traditions of the past. This aspect is but glanced at by Mr. Canning, whose plain historical investigation avoids the problems of the day and the temptation to forecast.

Mr. W. Hart Westcombe makes a merciless onslaught on the Prime Minister in a polemical letter entitled *The Irish Question* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.). There is some admirable cut-and-thrust in this vigorous production, though it must be owned that the writer's method of assault is less effective than it would be if his literary style were more chastened. The text bristles with needless emphasis, with lavish use of capitals and italics, with profuse notes that are not always relevant and are sometimes a burden. Mr. Westcombe is admirably keen and direct at times, but he is also not infrequently iterative and tedious. His discrimination in the choice of weapons is at fault; he uses with impartial ferocity all manner of artillery and every kind of small-arms. The battering-ram is useful, the broadsword is effective, and there is a time appointed for the play of the rapier. When the artillery and armoury are combined, however, it is a little superfluous to second them with discharges of shot and "the paper bullets of the brain."

The protest of Ulster against Gladstonian Home Rule finds a clear voice and common-sense advocacy in *The Case of the Irish Protestants*, by One of Them (Dublin: McGee). This little book, like most of its class, reviews Irish history from the Revolution to date, and is the work of an Ulster Radical. The historical illustrations are succinctly introduced, the evidence skilfully marshalled, and the position of the writer and of his co-religionists is lucidly presented.

Between and Betwixt, by "Ninguem" (Bristol: Arrowsmith), is an Irish story of the times, with little incident or characterization, and some effective situations of the dramatic kind. To save her father's life, the heroine undertakes to marry her hated enemy, one Harold McDare, a member of a New York secret society and an active adherent of the National League. The "innocent dove" is, of course, eventually rescued from the threatened clutch of the "savage hawk," but not before much diabolical plotting leads to a thrilling crisis.

A really interesting and well-constructed moral tale, in the manner of Harriet Martineau, is by no means an every-day production. The perils of the amateur speculator form the subject of Mr. Laing-Meason's *Sir William's Speculations; or, the Seamy Side of Finance* (Sampson Low & Co.). The story is told with graphic sobriety, and is commendably free from the *parti pris* of the reformer or the sensationalism of the crotchet-monger. Whether the almost universal love of gambling, in some form or other, will be greatly affected by dreadful warnings in the guise of fiction is an extremely doubtful question.

Professor Royce's *California: a Study of American Character* (Boston: Houghton & Co.) is, notwithstanding its sub-title, a history of the great Western State since 1846, with a brief résumé of its previous history principally derived from Bancroft. The story of the conquest of California possesses many aspects of interest for Englishmen, and embraces a series of extraordinary events that certainly merit the assiduous research and studied moderation which Mr. Royce's narrative exhibits. That several of the leading actors are yet alive cannot be said to lessen the historian's difficulties. We do not, for instance, learn much from Mr. Royce's account of his interview with General Fremont so recently as December 1884, when the former taxed the General's recollection as to the precise nature of those official instructions that governed his action in 1844-5. Since that interview Mr. Royce has been struck by the analogy offered by the position and action of General Komaroff at Penjdeh. General Fremont, it seems, did not doubt "the purpose of the Government to take California, if there should be the least chance, and by force if necessary." He had, in fact, large discretionary powers, and knew, of course, that success would justify their use. In spite of Mr. Royce's patient investigation, the secret history of the Californian conquest is still veiled in mystery, even as there yet clings to General Fremont something of a romantic halo.

Following a precedent that has been unwisely followed, Mr. James Baldwin, in *The Book-Lover* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), not only writes in praise of books, but frames what he calls a "Guide to the Best Reading." Without disparagement of the compiler's industry, we think there is too much that is merely ephemeral or popular in his long lists of selected books.

The Rev. Timothy Harley's *Southward Ho!* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a pleasant record of a tour through Georgia, containing a good deal of information that is not of the kind usually forthcoming from tourists. The new volume of the "Camelot Classics," a selection from Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* (Walter Scott), is prefaced by a discriminating note by Mr. Havelock Ellis. Mr. J. S. Winter's *Pluck* (Bristol: Arrowsmith) is a wholesome story with a disagreeable conclusion. The sketches of military life and character are capital. The indispensable ingredients of a "shilling dreadful" are cunningly combined and effectively set forth in *James Dauntton's Fate* (Routledge & Sons).

We have received the third edition of Mr. J. H. Ingram's *The Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain* (W. H. Allen & Co.), and the fifth edition of Mr. James Platt's *Land* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.).

(4) *M. de Morat*. Par Edouard Tarbé. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(5) *Pacha*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Mademoiselle Pomme*. Par Alice Regnault. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Célérité et discrétion*. Par E. Légi-Bersœur. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(8) *Madame Villeféron jeune*. Par Léon de Tinséau. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(9) *Une passion*. Par Paria Korigan. Paris: Ollendorff.

(10) *Pile-de-pont*. Par A. Pinard. Paris: Jules Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—THE EIGHTH ORDINARY

MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, London, S.W., when a paper will be read on "NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF NEW ZEALAND FOR TWENTY YEARS, 1864-1884," by the Hon. Sir ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G., Premier of the Colony. The Chair will be taken at 7.45 P.M.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.—GILCHRIST

SCHOLARSHIP.—A Scholarship of the value of £50 annually, tenable for Three years, will be awarded on the results of the June (1886) Matriculation Examination of the University of London. Candidates must send in their names for approval to the REGISTRAR before June 21.—For further information apply to the REGISTRAR.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The Council desire

to appoint a SECRETARY. Preference will be given to a University Graduate. Candidates will be required to state their age. The salary is £700 per annum. Further information may be obtained at the Office of the College. Applications and Testimonials will be received not later than July 1.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A.

Secretary to the Council.

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.—The PROFESSOR-

SHIP of CHEMISTRY will be VACANT on September 29 next, through the resignation of Professor Sir H. E. Roscoe, M.P.

The appointment of the new Professor will be made as early as possible in the Michaelmas Term.

A statement of the terms and conditions of the Professorship will be forwarded on application to J. G. GREENWOOD, LL.D., Principal of the College.

Candidates for the Chair are invited to forward applications and testimonials addressed to the Council of the College, under cover to the REGISTRAR, not later than Tuesday, August 31 next.

HENRY WM. HOLDER, M.A., Registrar.

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The NEW SESSION COMMENCES on October 5.

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Birmingham: June 5, 1886.

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